Week ending September 1 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

OUR FATE IS IN HIS HANDS

by Hannen Swaffer

See page 8

Children first please!

Only a small quantity of Cadburys Milk Chocolate is available. All the food value of the milk is still in it—a glass and a half to every half-pound. Supplies are limited but are being distributed fairly in the Western and Southern Zones. When your turn comes, please remember that growing children need this extra nourishment most.

CADBURY

means QUALITY

JB

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JB

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Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited

If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it

For nearly six years much of the Horlicks that has been made has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. These needs will still have to be met.

It is nevertheless hoped that the shops will receive increasing quantities of Horlicks as the months go by, but if you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Try YOUR hand at Reconstruction!

You've every right to have your say about the sort of post-war home you want. After all, *you've* got to live in it, and *you've* got to run it.

So, why not try *your* hand at reconstruction? You've always wanted a cleaner, easier-to-run kitchen. You've often thought how nice it would be to have less housework to do. You've thought of a hundred and one improvements in the way of constant hot water and constant cosy warmth. Electricity can help you. Electricity can save you time, labour, trouble and expense. Visit your Electricity Showroom and discuss your ideas.

ELECTRICITY IMPROVES

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brightens up the simplest meal

Come on David!

YOU wouldn't think to look at him now that there was a time when they almost gave him up. Like so many babies he couldn't digest his food. Then someone suggested Nestlé's Milk and from the first feed he came on famously. Nestlé's Milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own perfect food, specially prepared to make it digestible by the most delicate baby.

RICHEST IN CREAM **Nestlé's Milk**

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

O happy day when you get a tin of Nescafé! Fragrant, full-flavoured coffee—made instantly—right in the cup. No bother; no coffee-pot to wash up; no messy grounds. Just the enjoyment of grand coffee. Demand still continues to overwhelm supplies, so you may have to be patient. However, here's to the great day when you get *your* Nescafé!

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

15

Supplies, naturally, are not at peace-time levels; and in some districts O.K. Sauce is zoned. Soon we hope, everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K.

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

THE WISDOM OF MAKING A WILL

Unless you make a will the provision for your dependents may be different from that which you had intended. Several reasons, including unwillingness to place the responsibility of executorship upon the shoulders of an intimate friend or relative, who may predecease you, may have caused you to defer completing plans for the future.

No need exists for further delay, since you can appoint this Company as executor and/or trustee, either solely or jointly with your wife or husband, a relative, or a friend, and thus be assured of continuity of administration and of security. You are invited to ask any branch manager of the Bank for particulars of this service. Alternatively, you may apply to one of the Company's own offices at the following points:

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MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE
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When he's back—

to the meals that mother makes

ah! BISTO FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

NOW YOU CAN AGAIN INSIST ON

the best of all breakfasts

September 1 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2046 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

TELL US THE FACTS

GROWN-UP PEOPLE, who knew what they wanted and meant to get it, put the new Government in power. The Government should therefore treat them as grown-up.

Ex-Ministers did not. They gave us knowing winks, sealed lips, and "We'd tell you if we dare" gestures. They transformed "military security" into a cloak for muddle, indecision, and blunders.

Present Ministers have done better. They could do better still.

They have given us a broad outline of the current situation and their policy for dealing with it. They must now fill in the picture's gaps, add detail to the perspective, and satisfy us that their policy does not lack a timetable.

We know the food position is grim. But what are the exact stocks we hold?

Emanuel Shinwell wishes to increase the petrol ration. But are there not huge petrol reserves that the military no longer need? What, then, is holding him up?

Clothing coupon issues will be bigger next Spring. Would it not hearten us all if we were assured that more stockings, socks and underclothing (in particular) would be available?

We should like to know whether Ellen Wilkinson proposes to operate the Education Act as it stands, what are the Cripps terms for the cotton industry, and all the figures concerning man-power, jobs, and industrial production.

ONLY FOOLS want to snipe at the Government. Most of us recognise that it has the most difficult job in our long history. But the more it tells us the fewer grumbles will be levelled against it during the hard winter that inevitably lies ahead.

Regarding every problem before the nation, Ministers should state all the known or predictable facts, the action they intend to take, and the date when such action will become effective.

A blindfolded people cannot be trusted to be brave. A people that knows the way ahead will step out with confidence.

The Editor

Atomic Bomb Blasts a Way to Sanity

"Red" M.P. Goes East. Chance for the Sharks. Dictators in the Police Court. Watch this Jap. Pensioners' Plight. Boxers Who Slap

SUDDEN WITHDRAWAL of Lend-Lease is a body blow to Britain. Some Washington observers have described it as "tugging away the carpet from under the feet of the new Labour Government," but that is completely beside the point.

No sabotage of Britain's new rulers was intended. Nor is there, in the U.S.A., any wish to add to the difficulties of Europe's impoverished countries.

The whole trouble is that President Truman has yet to educate some of his followers (perhaps even himself) to this stark fact:

Anything that deepens Europe's plight will make Uncle Sam all the poorer.

Brutal Facts

Take our own case. To carry on the war, we sold our foreign assets—worth nearly £2,000,000,000. We are in debt to the Empire and other countries—which makes an extra £3,500,000,000.

We would like to pay for the goods we have been receiving under Lend-Lease (though we have been giving quite a lot of value back in the way of mutual aid). We cannot pay in cash. If we do not continue to receive the goods, however, our standard of life will further deteriorate.

And the U.S.A. needs a more prosperous Europe (as A. G. G. points out on page 9) to avoid being drawn into another world depression.

In short, the statesmen of every country must confer on ways to *expand* would economy, not decrease it.

Steady, Now

THE ATOMIC BOMB opened a new chapter in history. But we cannot support those who now declare that all our town and country planning must be dominated by ruthless dispersal of our big cities because of the risk that civilisation might go crazy again.

Professor Nevill Mott, of Bristol University, suggests that such dispersal is essential. By inference he would have our whole national life organised on the basis of fear of the new power.

This is a gospel of despair. There are no effective steps a country the size of Britain could take to defend itself. It is upon the wisdom of the world's statesmen and people in dealing with the bomb that the future will depend.

Peace Potential

No sane citizen of the United Nations gloated over the atomic bomb discovery or its deadly devastating use. Grim necessity justified its creation; grimmer necessity demands its control.

The United Nations Charter drawn up at San Francisco is the start. The United States and the Soviet Union were bystanders at the birth of the League of Nations. They fully participate in the new organisation.

True, no clause in the Charter touches the atomic bomb. True, the veto clause still leaves Great Powers with the right to "contract out" of the obligations of international rule by law.

But the atom bomb has blown the "veto" clause clean out of practical thinking. The issue can be simply stated. Either the nations separately engage in maniac competition to produce the bomb—or they get together to control it.

Atomic Asset

Abandon hopelessness! Realise that the bomb's blast swept away the cobwebs of isolationism, of narrow nationalism from the minds of many who still thought of twentieth century international politics in seventeenth century terms.

The golden opportunity is here. Attlee, Truman and Stalin can lead the world to grasp it.

When the U.S. western wastelands erupted to the gigantic blast of that first experimental bomb, the whole argument of international anarchy vapourised with the great steel tower from which the bomb fell.

It is difficult for us to grasp the fact that catastrophic destruction of civilisation is now quite practicable. It is surely easier to understand that planned international peace has now the complete unanswerable argument to sweep aside the superstitions that gave us two world wars in thirty years.

NYE BEVAN AS SEEN BY LAND

THE appointment of Aneurin Bevan as Minister of Health was number one surprise in the list of new Labour Ministers. Shock one was followed by shock two—the annoucement that "Nye" was going to be charged with major responsibility in fighting Britain's housing famine.

Now Parliament is not so certain that the choice was a curious one. Savagely unorthodox—how often he demonstrated this in the days of Coalition!—a master of Parliamentary duelling, reputed to have the best memory in the House, his first-rate record as a municipal administrator in Monmouthshire is now being recalled.

Born in Tredegar in 1897, Nye followed his father into the pits at the age of thirteen. He won a scholarship to the Central Labour College. Upon his return became an Urban District Councillor and later a County Councillor. Was soon recognised as a brilliant, constructive thinker in Local Government matters.

From his appointment as miners' agent in 1926 to Labour M.P. for Ebbw Vale in 1929 was a logical step. Leader of Labour's rebel ranks in many battles against Labour's front-benchers, Nye now gets his big chance. His friends predict success. They say he is the man who will succeed with housing; he will beat the British Medical Association which has declared war upon Labour's National Health plans.

Behind Bevan is a brilliant adviser, his wife, Jennie Lee, miner's daughter, now M.P. for Cannock. Whatever else he does, Nye Bevan is certain to be as exciting a Minister as any Britain has ever had. Whether he will "deliver the goods" is the most fascinating question mark of the Government and the nation's future.

Seeing S.E.A.C.

JACK LAWSON, ex-miner and now Minister for War, is a man of sense. His decision to visit our Forces in the East, to discuss with the troops themselves the problems of demobilisation, is wise. He plans to listen as well as talk to them. That is wiser still.

"If you want to know what the Forces think, an hour in a N.A.A.F.I. canteen is a good start," he once remarked.

There have been too many cases in the past of distinguished visitors to both the B.L.A. and S.E.A.C. seeing nothing and hearing nothing that was not provided in a carefully rehearsed programme. Mr. Lawson's trip will not be one of them.

"Red"—Desert Rat

With Mr. Lawson will be 31-year-old Major John Freeman, M.P. for Watford. His friends call him "Red." His hair, not his politics, earn him the nickname.

Freeman, Desert Rat company commander was a brilliant young soldier. He promises to be equally capable in Parliament.

Chosen for the high honour of moving the Commons' address of thanks for the King's Speech, he deeply impressed the House. Mr. Lawson could have chosen no better companion or guide for his Eastern tour.

An advertiser's copywriter before the war, Freeman knows that bright publicity is no substitute for poor quality goods. He bluntly said so during the election when commenting upon the Conservative Party's campaign. The people of Watford agreed with him.

Bellenger for B.L.A.

While Mr. Lawson's four-engined bomber goes eastwards, his Parliamentary Secretary—Captain Fred Bellenger, M.P.—will be visiting the B.L.A. for the same purpose of telling our troops the facts about demobilisation.

He will have a friendly welcome. Bellenger came back from the Dunkirk beaches, and within two years had a national reputation as an expert on unravelling the knotty points of Service life.

His War Office appointment gave great satisfaction to our Forces, particularly in the ranks. Bellenger will

"WORDS FAIL ME

to express my gratitude," writes Mr. G. Hatch, of Oldham, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at his house.

In addition to Fire Insurance JOHN BULL offers many other invaluable Household Benefits free to every reader.

have the task with the B.L.A. of living up to his reputation of "knowing more about individual Service problems than any man in Britain."

Pro-British Japs?

THE JAPANESE HAVE chosen their "surrender" Foreign Minister—Manoru Shigemitsu. Tokyo radio describes him as the Japanese liaison officer for all dealings with the Allies.

Shigemitsu was Japanese Ambassador in London before Japan entered the war. He has carefully built up for himself a pro-British reputation, but he successfully combined this with his hostility towards China (he lost a leg in a bomb outrage in Shanghai) and aggressiveness against Russia, where he was Japanese Ambassador before he came to London.

Polished and Westernised in his manners, Shigemitsu began trying to sow distrust between Britain and America long before Ribbentrop thought of the idea. As Japanese Press Chief he proved his skill in propaganda during the assault on Manchuria.

A man to watch—and be wary of, we think.

Co-op Pawning

ONE OF THE ODDEST of odd things in Japan is co-operative pawnbroking. Before the Great War, Kagawa, the Japanese Christian leader who was a close student of the British Co-operative Movement, was doing social work in larger cities.

He saw the extent to which Japanese were fleeced by pawnbrokers. So co-operative pawnbrokers' shops were established in most of the large cities.

There were regular meetings (on strict democratic lines) of the pawnbroker patrons and distribution of dividends in orthodox British fashion. What the Rochdale Pioneers who founded the British Co-operative Movement over a century ago would have thought of this odd form of imitation is doubtful.

Homes for Heroes

A GIRL OF twenty-five. Her husband will be demobilised in October. She is expecting a baby. She lives in a house with her two sisters, and their three children. One husband is at home, the other with the Army abroad. The house has two bedrooms and a box-room.

This is a typical case of the housing famine. This girl desperately wants her own home. She dreads living with her husband and baby in the fantastically overcrowded conditions of her present house.

Neither her M.P. nor the local council can do anything for her—yet. This tragedy is one of hundreds of thousands. Housing is going to be the acid test not only for the Government but for the building trades unions.

Sharks Surface !

PRESENT PLANS for disposal of surplus military stocks are completely inadequate. We foresee a rich harvest for the sharks unless there is prompt action by the Government.

We dislike, moreover, the assumption in certain trade circles that manufacturers of the equipment and material to be disposed of are going to have the main say in its method of distribution to the public.

Blankets and boots, motor cycles and typewriters—all urgently needed for legitimate civilian needs—are too precious to be entrusted mainly to profit-makers for distribution.

Fuehrers in Court

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S office should note the growing complaints about the gross misuse of their powers by certain magistrate's clerks.

One northern police court, for example, has become notorious for the bullying methods adopted by the clerk in dealing with defendants who are not legally represented.

In these cases, the clerk always assumes the rôle of prosecutor. Reporters and lawyers who know the court are gladly co-operating with an M.P. who is seeking to remedy this anomaly.

Weak magistrates and fuehrer clerks are an unholy combination to be administering British justice—and there are too many of them in existence at the moment.

Scotland Yard Looks Ahead

BIG changes are being planned at Scotland Yard by the C.I.D. and uniformed police chiefs in consultation with a special department of the Home Office. Particular attention is being paid to provincial Forces, with whom there will be much closer co-operation in future.

Wireless and Flying Squad cars are to be used more widely, as well as certain other measures to facilitate quick communication and bring the police machinery into instant action.

The present crime wave is being carefully studied. During the leanest crime years between the two World Wars our jail population averaged 9,500 annually. It was highest just after the last war, when, in 1920, 12,000 people were in prison. Yet to-day, although only 50 per cent. of offenders get caught, 14,897 prisoners of various types are in jail.

In the past three months there have been over 500 serious "beatings-up," hold-up, and "grievous bodily harm for money" cases in Greater London alone. But half of the bullying and murderous thugs concerned are still free. Seven recent murders are unsolved.

Sir George Abbiss, head of Personnel and Establishments at Scotland Yard, is working at top speed to bring the Yard's personnel, which is many thousands under strength, up to full complement. Nearly 100 uniformed police officers, who had to be drawn from all quarters, were required recently to quell a stabbing affray between rival gangs in the West End.

Posters will shortly appear asking for recruits to the police. Meanwhile, every step is being taken to secure early release of the thousands of policemen in the Services. The difficulty here is that most of them are in the Military Police Force and are specially fitted for Occupation duties.

More plain clothes police "patrols" are to be enrolled for keeping watch on criminals and their haunts. Many of the older policemen are recognised, even in disguise, by the crooks, but secret devices are to be employed to ensure that the new men will get to know the dubious characters without themselves being suspected. Some have already been enlisted.

Bored Boys

THERE WAS A TIME when the summit of most parents' ambitions was to see their children comfortably established in black-coated jobs. But children have developed minds of their own.

They resist attempts to push them into "pen-pushing." Office stools and ledgers have no appeal to a generation of youngsters reared in the R.A.F. age.

Mechanics, civil engineering, aeroplanes—the jobs of creative adventure, these attract not only boys but girls as well.

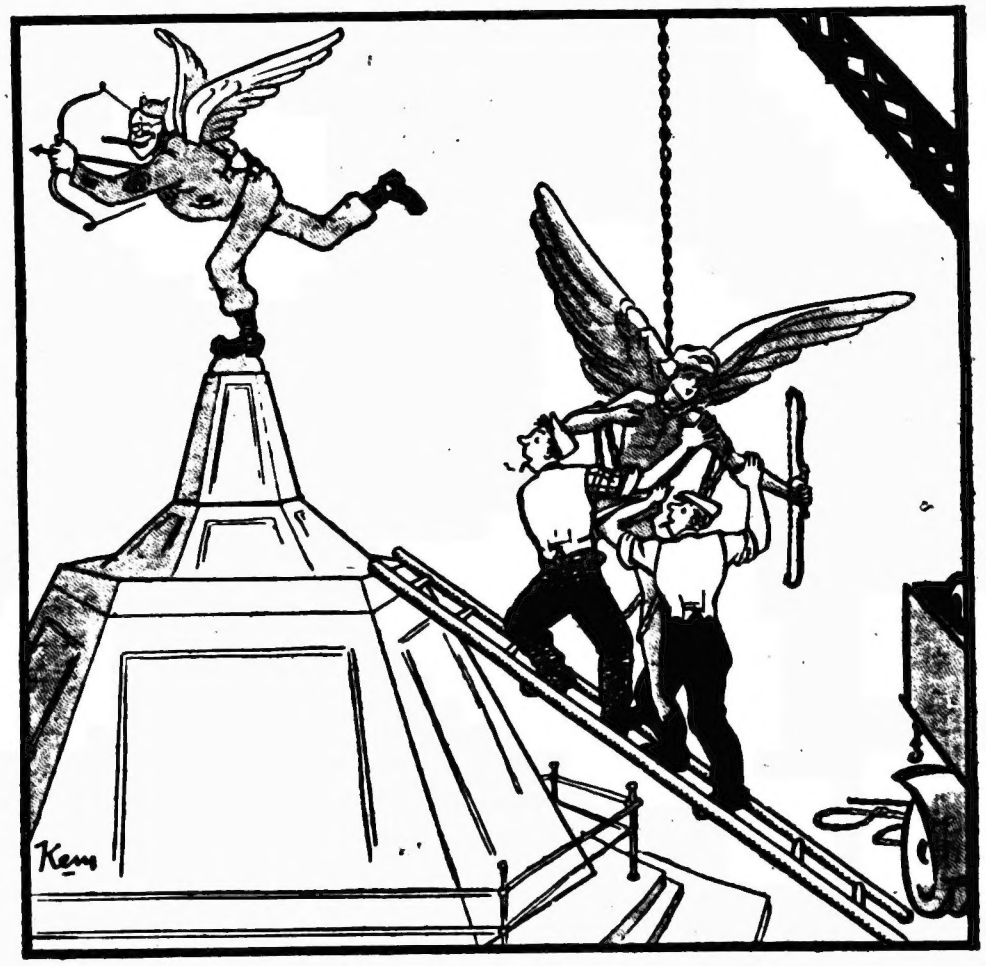
That is why insurance companies, banks and warehouses are bewailing the sturdy refusal of school-leavers to look at the jobs they offer.

Why Not Now?

JIM GRIFFITHS, Minister of National Insurance, promises an early statement about the plight of old age pensioners. He cannot speak too soon.

Present conditions of Britain's aged folk are intolerable. Labour's back-benchers are rightly insistent that improvement in old age pensions was a number one Labour pledge. That means it is a number one Labour Government priority.

We hear that Jim Griffiths and Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, are discussing the question in detail. We want speedy results from their talks—before the coming winter adds further hardships to the plight of the aged.



:"BLIMEY.' 'E'S GOT THERE FIRST..."

Now the Victory celebrations are over, Eros will shortly be returning to his pedestal in the middle of London's Piccadilly Circus

Ballet in Berlin

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET got a record reception from the B.L.A. when they did a three-week season in Brussels early this year.

Now ballet director Ninette du Valois is completing final plans for a Sadler's Wells tour among our occupation troops in the Reich.

The whole ballet was nearly cut off in Holland in 1940 when the Panzer divisions swept across the frontier. They had to abandon much of their scenery in Eindhoven. But it was still there when they got back to the Continent again in 1945.

Plan Leisure !

A LOT OF THE world's essential work is boring. Yet it has to be done. Young people have to be taught the painful truth that there aren't enough "glamour" jobs to go round.

In return, they are entitled to demand that when work is done the nation shall compensate them for the dull hours of labour.

This is why we hope to see vast development in provision of playing fields, social centres and other facilities for youth.

There is scarcely a country on the Continent which did not lead ours on these matters before the war.

Is Nazidom alone capable of providing the great sports centres—covering every attractive activity from cycling to canoeing—which our troops have seen and admired in Germany?

He Could Smell 'em

THE AUSTRALIAN TEST XI which has been playing in England this summer earned the trip. A number of the players served in the Solomons and New Guinea, as well as in the Middle East and European theatres.

One of them, Sergt. Cec. Pepper, spin bowler and forcing bat from New South Wales, is an expert mine detector.

One of his colleagues said Pepper was so good at this that he could "smell 'em."

Ring Slappers

BOXING REFEREES are at last enforcing some of the Marquess of Queensberry Rules which have been too long ignored.

At a recent show in London the referee disqualified one of the contestants for slapping. There has been too much of this in the ring.

Contest after contest has been spoiled and many boxers have forgotten that they must hit with the knuckle part of the glove.

Sweet v. Hot

HARRY JAMES, famous American trumpet-playing bandleader, is said to be American music's biggest money-maker. But the swing fans don't like him any more.

He has installed violins in his orchestra, which they call his "sweet string" policy. Such a concession to the "sweet" music fans is interpreted by swing fans as gross treachery.

If they had their way they would banish all violins and violinists.

THESE ARE THE JAPANESE

Seen through the eyes of a Japanese woman writer

by the LADY MURASAKI*

THE LADY MURASAKI'S SIGNATURE

SO YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW what a Japanese thinks about the recent conquest, and hear what sort of situation your son may find and what sort of people will greet him if he goes there to occupy my country.

I cannot promise you a very pretty story. Please remember that this is the first defeat that Japan has had for 2,600 years. Our official history begins in 660 B.C. when the "divinely" born Emperor Jimmu ascended the throne.

Remember also that freedom, as you understand it here in Britain, has little meaning to the Japanese. We have an inborn and profound respect for authority and decree. For that reason if you go to occupy our country we shall bow to your power even if we hate you in our hearts. We are far too well disciplined to give you much trouble in that way.

Lastly, remember that though Confucius gave us our religion it seems to have taken a Christian civilisation to invent the atom bomb.

But if you would really understand the people you have beaten to submission, you must hear a little of our back history. To most Englishmen our country is only a mental picture—the land of cherry-blossom, poetry, and exquisite women in kimonos, or a land of murderers, suicide pilots, and fanatical Emperor-worshippers.

The fact is we are a mixture of good and bad, just as you are; but ours is an Oriental mixture, and very different from your own.

If you would understand Japan let us start with the divinity of the Emperor. When I lived in Japan before the war no well-educated Japanese regarded this story as more than a symbolic myth, in much the same way as I observe the modern European accepts the story of Adam and Eve. In Japan it was theoretically sacrilegious to doubt the divine nature of the Emperor.

The Emperor's Divinity

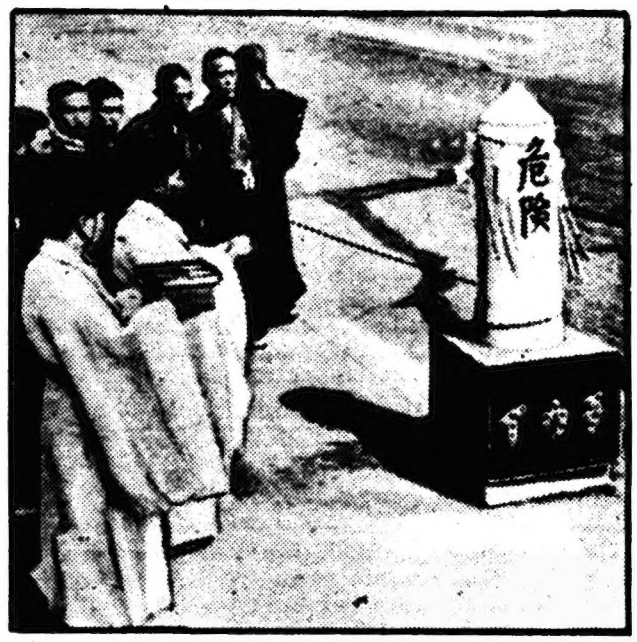
The militarists who seized power during the 1930's exploited this legend to their own evil ends. To-day nobody who values his life would be so silly as to question the matter in public.

Whatever the people may have been drilled to believe, the Imperial Family certainly do not consider themselves as divine! If that were so they would not dare to mix openly with mere mortals. I used to play golf with the Emperor's brother-in-law at Hakone, not far from Tokyo, and he behaved in an extremely "mortal" manner to the waiters if he were overcharged for ice-cream.

Our Emperor, as supreme head of the State, is accorded great respect by all classes of Japanese. Whether they believe he is god or mortal in no way alters their deep reverence. You will perhaps understand this reverence for a family when you realise that it has reigned without interruption for at least 1,600 years.

Even when the first Japanese history was written in the eighth century (before England and France had become States at all) the myth of the Emperor's divinity was firmly established. The Japanese who die for their king and country (as you say here in England) lay down their lives for the same reasons that the British or any other nation might have.

This attitude to the Emperor is the result of our religious outlook. Like the religions of the ancient Jews, Greeks and Romans, our ancient religion was at first a tribal one. God, the supreme ancestor, was worshipped by the Emperor alone, as chief of the senior family. Lesser families had their own ancestors for patron saints. Thus ancestor-worship has made the family more



Ancient and modern meet in a Tokyo street where Shinto priests bless a new electric traffic sign

important than the individual, and the nation—a family of families—the most important of all.

The modern Japanese do not usually believe in life after death, but they still regard it as quite natural to sacrifice themselves unhesitatingly for the sake of their parents or for the Emperor. That is why a daughter will voluntarily enter the "Red Light District" to support her impoverished father, and a young pilot dives to certain death for the sake of the Emperor.

Whether one regards such behaviour as barbaric and fanatical, or unselfish and heroic, depends entirely upon one's upbringing and the side on which one happens to be fighting.

During the sixth century (about the time that England was converted to Christianity) Japan welcomed the disciples of Confucius and Buddha and the arts and literature which they brought with them from the mainland. Confucius taught us that the State was more important than the family, and that the family was more important than the individual.

Modern Army of Peasants

Until A.D. 1600 there were constant civil wars between the different feudal rulers, all of whom had armies of armed retainers—the "Samurai." These wars were conducted according to a strict code of honour, sometimes referred to as Bushido.

Bushido involves the obligation to fight according to certain rules and to show mercy towards one's defeated enemies. The modern Japanese army is composed mainly of ignorant peasants. Like the old Samurai, these peasants are ready to die for their country, but they have lost all the requirements of Samurai honour.

The modern Japanese soldier has indelibly stained the name of Japan by his behaviour in this war in Nanking, Hong-Kong, and elsewhere.

But do not forget that most of them certainly believed the stories that the Chinese roast their prisoners alive and the Americans kill theirs under steam-rollers.

Japan's first contact with the West was in the sixteenth century. At first the Japanese welcomed the foreigners with open arms, just as they had welcomed the scholars, monks and artists from China a thousand years before. Soon, however, they discovered that Spain was planning to turn Japan into a colony, and they decided that the only safe course was to expel all foreigners except the Protestant Dutch and the Chinese. Japan enjoyed 200 years of peace.

In 1853 this was rudely shattered by the American Commodore Perry, who sailed his squadron of warships into Japanese home waters and demanded at the point of the gun that Americans be allowed to live and trade in Japan.

The Japanese Government was then too weak to resist the heavily armed Americans, so it gave way. This action caused Japan to set about turning itself into a modern State. By 1895 we were strong enough to defeat the Chinese Empire, and in 1904 Czarist Russia.

How "modern" Japan was just before the war can be seen from the fact that in 1939 there were twice as many telephone calls in Japan as in the whole of Great Britain.

Life in Tokyo in the 1920's and early '30's was not very different from life in any big European city. As a schoolgirl I swam, played golf, went to cinemas, rode about in a seven-seater Buick, and read the principal English, French, German and Russian classics.

One of a Privileged Few

It is true that I did other things which European schoolgirls do not do, such as studying the elaborate Japanese arts of "tea ceremony" and flower arrangement, and reading the works of the Chinese philosophers. This did not prevent me from having a fairly international outlook on life; but I was one of a privileged few.

On the other hand, there is dreadful poverty both in the big cities and in the country. Poverty that exceeds anything you have ever imagined in Britain. Middle-class people such as bank clerks and shopkeepers live on a diet far inferior to that of an English labourer on the dole. Many farmers are so poor that they can only live by selling their daughters to the factory owners.

These were the conditions which led to the rise of the Japanese brand of Fascism. Without an Emperor, the same conditions would probably have produced Communism.

I have not been to Japan for five years. During that period the militarists have completely dominated Japanese life. They alone have given the people their only version of world events. It is therefore hard for me to predict what the Allies will find in Japan. I think, however, that I can safely make one prophecy.

They will find a people for whom Western ideas of democracy, after 1,600 years of totalitarian rule, have practically no meaning. And they will find a people who, since Commodore Perry's escapade in 1853, have a deep-rooted prejudice against the Americans.

There has never been any hatred for the British, and of recent years none for the Russians. But the anti-American feeling will now have been made much more bitter by the experience of the atomic bomb.

An army of occupation which is mainly American will no doubt be obeyed. But if it attempts to set up republican institutions on American lines it will get no enthusiasm and no help from the Japanese people.

* THE LADY MURASAKI

The nom-de-plume under which she writes conceals the identity of a Japanese woman who knows England almost as well as she knows her own country. She has spent the past five years in active war work for Britain. Her opinions neither defend nor attack—they are merely given in the hope of making her country more intelligible to us.

OPEN LETTERS

Jack Lawson visits S.E.A.C. this month

Rt. Hon. J. J. Lawson, M.P.,

Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—Our men in all theatres of war are naturally concerned about their prospects for demobilisation.

It is an excellent decision on your part to send senior representatives of the War Office to Germany and the Middle East, and to go yourself to South-East Asia, in order to study the leave and repatriation arrangements.

You will find the men concerned not only with when they will be released, but with what sort of job they will get afterwards.

You will find a very understandable fear that those nearer home will pick the plums, and that when the jungle fighter at last gets home there will be nothing left but casual labour and the dole.

I hope you will be able to reassure them.

I hope you will be able to give them an assurance of comprehensive plans for the maintenance and expansion of British industry and for the establishment of full employment on a sound economic basis in post-war Britain.

I hope you will be able to convince them that whatever happens in other countries, the new Government here means to reorganise the economic life of Britain on a basis that will not be affected by the recurrent slumps and booms of uncontrolled capitalism.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir Ben Smith, M.P.,

Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—It costs as much to distribute vegetables as it does to grow them. A cabbage for which the market gardener gets 4d. or 4½d. is sold to the housewife for 9d. or 10d.

In any case, 9d. or 10d. is too much for a cabbage.

The time has come when the whole system of distribution for vegetables ought to be reorganised. It is ridiculous that a cabbage should be handled six times before it even reaches the greengrocer.

Co-operative marketing could easily produce a simpler and more economical scheme.

And it is more than time science was called in to reduce the high percentage of vegetables which rot in the market and have to be sold off for fodder.

In the United States every reputable grocer now has a "deep freeze" bin in his shop from which you can lift out, summer or winter, celophane packets of peas, beans, cabbages, cauliflower, or squash, fresh and ready to cook.

You can also get raspberries and strawberries.

In this way the enormous waste at the height of the season is avoided, and small fruit and green vegetables are made available at all times of the year.

The Americans developed the "deep freeze" system during the early years of the war. We ought to be planning now to catch up.

A little ice in the fish shops might also help to do something about that smell.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Henry Bunbury,

Chairman, Political and Economic Planning

DEAR SIR HENRY,—The broadsheets which you issue from time to time under the title of PLANNING have grown into one of the most practical contributions that any private agency has made to working democracy in this country.

They offer an impartial inquiry into a wide variety of subjects on which intelligent citizens need to be informed. And the latest, on working of the Government's scheme for the resettlement of disabled Servicemen in civilian employment, will cause anxiety to many people.

The trouble is not primarily with the scheme itself, though you suggest that some improvement might result from a reduction in the number of Ministries involved.

Mainly, the trouble comes in the application of the scheme. Everything turns on the Disablement Rehabilitation Officers, whose job is to interview the men, find out their preferences and their aptitudes, and fit them into suitable employment.

You have found that many of these D.R.O.s, chosen under the stress of war, are ill-adapted for their job. They have neither the experience to understand the Serviceman's problems nor the wisdom to command his respect.

The people of this country have the cause of the disabled men very much at heart. Both they and the Ministry of Labour are grateful to you for diagnosing what is wrong, and suggesting how it must be cured.

The treatment, I hope, will be swift.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. Mont Follick,

M.P. for Loughborough

DEAR SIR,—I applaud your offer of £5,000 towards the foundation of a School of Philosophy at the University of London. The pursuit of knowledge is always valuable, and any endowment of our educational establishments is more than welcome.

But your theory that the problems of the world can be solved merely by teaching foreigners to speak English is an illusion.

We solved nothing by teaching the Irish to speak English.

Tojo—a competent English scholar—was in no way a better citizen of the world than Hitler, who prided himself on speaking German only.

Admittedly the future of the human race depends on education. Let us by all means assist in the dissemination of English culture.

Let us encourage people all over the world to rise above local prejudice, to learn to think clearly and dispassionately, and to admit that in most cases there are likely to be two sides to the question.

But let us get rid of the idea here and now that there is any queer magic in the English language—let alone an artificially simplified form of English—that will automatically make democrats out of fascists, or pacifists out of chauvinistic aggressors.

There isn't.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

TO-MORROW

IT IS DOUBTFUL if there can be left in the country a single man or woman who is unaware that we stand on the threshold of a new world. Like it or not, regret it or not, welcome it or fear it, we are face to face with the unknown.

The world we knew is dead. The new world will be exactly what we make it.

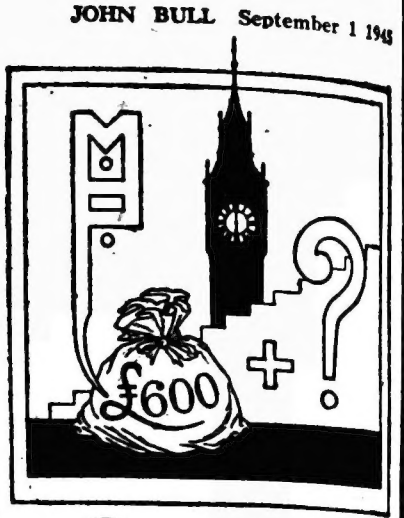
Exactly what *we* make it—that is the point. Our prime duty in the years ahead is to keep a cheerful spirit and a stout heart. We must believe beyond argument that all will be well, and be willing to bear our share in making it well.

For all *will* be well, despite the pessimists and the faint-hearts.

Only one thing could prevent all being well, and that is that you and I and every other ordinary man and ordinary woman should lose heart and give up hope. For that would mean that we should dodge instead of do, particularly in the little things of every day that we can do or dodge as we please. But it is these little things in their millions that make up our national life.

Let us, above all, renounce once and for all that pernicious question, "What's the use?" That is the supreme dodge.

The past is dead and gone: to-morrow is ours. Let us make very sure we do not fail it.



Argument

There are a good many poor men in the new House—

Should M.P.s' Pay Be Doubled?

yes

1. An M.P. gets £600 a year, less income tax, not a large sum on which to travel, entertain, conduct a heavy correspondence—and possibly support a wife and family.

2. A competent secretary is essential. This must cost at least £200 a year.

3. To watch over the interests of, say, 40,000 constituents is a full-time job. No man can do this work properly while earning his living in some other field.

4. In the recent election a brilliant Civil Servant at about the £1,000 a year mark stood for Labour in a "hopeless" constituency. As the count progressed it looked as though he might actually get in. Scared stiff, he faced the prospect of financial ruin.

5. Many first-rate men are lost to Parliament because they cannot afford to risk insecurity and low salary.

6. The Congressmen of America, the other great democracy, get 10,000 dollars a year (say, £2,500) plus free secretary and office quarters.

7. An M.P. pressed for money cannot hope to give proper attention to his Parliamentary duties.

no

1. The British tradition is that the M.P. shall be an amateur rather than a professional politician.

2. A professional man is paid for expert knowledge. An M.P. is not. He is expected only to judge expert opinion from a common-sense standpoint.

3. Parliament, except for the Ministers—who are paid £5,000 to £1,200 a year, according to rank—is a part-time job. Thus an M.P. is quite well able to earn his living, and he will be a better M.P. for doing so.

4. A man who cannot afford to be elected to Parliament has no right to stand as a candidate.

5. The average citizen, earning £4 a week, knows a poor man M.P. will see his point of view. But an M.P. with £22 a week will soon have little linkage with the man earning £4.

6. Free postage, travel, and secretarial assistance for M.P.s by all means—but no big financial rewards for doing citizen-duty: the M.P. must serve for honour, not gain.

7. A man not prudent enough to earn his living and provide for his old age is plainly unfitted to make our laws.

WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL's Chief Commissioner, following a long investigation, calls upon the Government to hold an official inquiry into the administration of

Some Hospitals That Are Mortuaries

I RECENTLY LOST a loyal and lifelong friend. We served together in the 1914/18 war, and were always unfailing companions.

He died in hospital, and the circumstances of his death were shameful in the extreme.

When he arrived he was placed in a damp bed (rain had blown in through an open window). After some hours he rang the bedside bell for urgent physical attention—rang, rang, rang.

Eventually a very junior nurse came to him and asked, with a gesture of annoyance, what he kept ringing for. He explained his great discomfort, and was told, tersely, that he must wait—"I've the work of ten to do here," she said.

He grew worse quickly. No doctor visited him for several days. A sister told him that there was only one doctor on duty normally, but that others "visited" two or three times a week.

By the time he saw a doctor his appetite had vanished, he could not get out of bed without help, and he had a dryness of the mouth that made swallowing difficult.

Tragic Story of Neglect

The doctor ordered water to be placed at his side, and told him to take sips very occasionally.

The nurse placed a heavy quart jug on his locker in a position where, owing to his abdominal pain, it was beyond his reach. Relatives took him grapes and other luxuries, but they were put on a table at the far side of the room.

As time passed, his wife and other visitors noticed a startling change in his appearance. Three weeks after his admission, marked abdominal distention was visible through the bedclothes.

The patient complained to different nurses, without result. On her sixth visit his wife made it her business to find the head nurse—there was no matron or fully-trained sister in the hospital.

"I'm sorry," said the head nurse, "I can't tell you anything. I've had no experience of this type of case."

Things went from bad to worse. For nine whole days the patient had taken nothing, in any quantity, either solid or liquid.

His sister, who occupies a high position at the War Office, made a special journey by car to see him. She was refused admission because (she was told) a noted professor had been called in and was with him at the time. She left some "Brand's Essence" for him with a message. He got a spoonful of the essence, but was never told who had brought it in for him.

Telephone calls were regularly answered by unknown members of the staff, who usually said: "Condition satisfactory," or "Doing nicely."

Twelve hours after the patient had died, his wife was told on the telephone, "Condition fair." Thirty-six hours later the notice-board still had "Condition fair" opposite his name.

Facts Withheld from Parents

I could quote many other cases almost equally bad. One concerns a twenty-year-old member of an R.A.F. bomber crew, who was affected by choking fumes from a faulty brazier while he was on duty.

He was sent to hospital in a condition that necessitated his lying flat on his back

The hospital was understaffed, and there was no resident physician. His calls for attention were ignored. In the end he was compelled to leave his bed to walk to the lavatory.

At each visit he found it more and more difficult to get there and back. Finally he collapsed on the way and died.

His parents instructed a firm of solicitors to apply to the hospital for a "case history."

The secretary of the hospital agreed to supply one for a fee of two guineas. The fee was paid. When the secretary acknowledged receipt of the money, however, he said that the matter had been referred to the local council clerk.

In due course the money was refunded, but

Dr. Topping's recommendations to the Ministry of Health are drastic and widespread

no "case history" was ever supplied. The facts of this death, with hundreds of others, are in the possession of the Ministry of Health.

Far be it from me to brand all hospitals as being alike in neglect or maladministration. There are hundreds of fine institutions, well conducted even in times of great difficulty, whose doctors and staff work for long hours—far longer than they should—in the service of their fellow men.

Nevertheless, a large number of our voluntary and municipal hospitals are not what they should be. They are run in a piecemeal fashion, with inadequate and inexperienced staffs, often without any doctor permanently available, and with only old or unreliable equipment for the "treatment" of chronic cases.

The highest officials of the Ministry of Health know this better than anyone. They are gravely concerned about conditions in both hospitals and mental homes throughout the country.

A special committee is now examining the growing list of complaints. Allegations of neglect come not only from friends and relatives of patients, but also from members of hospital staffs who are disgusted with what they see every day.

During the last four years a special survey has been made for the Ministry of Health by two very able medical men, A. M. H. Grey, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., and A. Topping, M.D., M.R.C.P., D.P.H.

Their investigations covered a specially selected area, including London, Bedford, Dorset, Essex, Hampshire, Hertford, Kent, Middlesex, Sussex, the Isle of Wight and sections of Berkshire and Bucks.

Their report runs to 300 pages of close print, and I have rarely read a more dismal or incriminating document. If the Minister of Health does nothing about its disclosures, or neglects to act upon its careful recommendations, he ought to be removed from office.

Dr. Gray and Dr. Topping insist that the patchwork and unrelated nature of the administrative areas involved has led to correspondingly piecemeal and inadequate arrangements.

Because of country and rural district boundaries, patients living within easy reach of a municipal hospital have often to go miles away from their own districts to get hospital facilities.

In Southampton, for instance, many residents are denied use of adjacent hospitals, even though their need for treatment may be serious.

There is widespread overcrowding and shortage of staff throughout the country.

Nurses whom Dr. Gray and Dr. Topping interviewed were in many cases people without any nursing experience . . . "some very young and without any experience in the way of life."

The report deplores the fact that many hospitals of the smaller type are staffed "by general practitioners of the immediate neighbourhood with the assistance of what may be, or may not be, an effective consultant staff."

"The arrangements for performing the medical and surgical work vary from that done by general practitioners and consultants, to specialists who are called in very rarely or not at all . . ."

Unreliable Specialists

In many of the larger hospitals, paid junior staffs depend, to a large extent, on the voluntary work of specialists who give their services free in return for facilities to see their own patients in private rooms.

Many hospitals, however, are unable to make this bargain arrangement, because the specialists are not always able to find sufficient private patients in the locality to make regular visits pay.

Dr. Gray and Dr. Topping are very critical about many municipal hospitals. They were evolved from the workhouse, they say, and are carried on in the same way as the workhouse.

In many instances they are run by a general medical practitioner with a practice in the vicinity, who can give only part of his time to the urgent work of the hospital.

London hospitals have been generally reorganised. As a result practitioners outside London—having little respect for their own local establishments—are now sending patients into London, and greatly increasing the overcrowding in the big hospitals, particularly in the Southern districts and at Lewisham especially.

Ealing, Finchley, Harrow, Tottenham and Willesden are very badly off. Southend, East Ham, West Ham, Ilford, Walthamstow, Canterbury, Dover, Gravesend, Tunbridge Wells, Bexley, Erith, Dartford, Croydon, Epsom, Guildford, Mitcham, Redhill, Reigate, Wimbledon, Woking, Worthing, Weymouth, Poole, Windsor, Slough have all been the subject of special appeals and complaints to the Ministry of Health.

No Beds for the Sick

Beds for the "chronic sick" are few almost everywhere, particularly in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, South West Sussex, North East Surrey, Buckinghamshire and Hampshire.

Hospitals for infectious diseases are inadequate all over the country, the blackest spots being in Hertfordshire, East Kent and Middlesex.

For cases of pulmonary tuberculosis the general position is appalling.

Through lack of control, too, ambulance services leave much to be desired. People have died through delay in getting them quickly to hospitals. There is general confusion between police, fire brigades, individual hospital, minor and major local authorities and voluntary agencies.

I cannot too strongly emphasise the need for making hospital facilities readily available everywhere. The problem is largely one of proper and adequate staffing rather than building. Give hospitals paid specialists and consultants, within easy reach of the hospitals they serve.

Get adequate nursing staff of the proper type.

There are many other aspects of this great problem—the shocking administration of many mental homes, for example—that I shall make the subject of future articles. In the meantime, I have said enough to show that the Minister of Health must act, and act quickly.

Our Fate is in His Hands

Whether our industries go forward depends on the firebrand genius of the son of an East End tailor who left school at eleven, says

HANNEN SWAFFER

CAN EMANUEL SHINWELL save Coal? He faces not only one of the toughest of all the Government's problems, but the hatred of Tories he has fought all his life.

Shinwell, whatever anyone may say of him—and his manner no more courts popularity than does that of Ernest Bevin—cannot be bought. I myself heard him refuse a lucrative appointment under the Government, and when he wanted money, in 1941. Later, he declined a Ministry of Food job that would have led to preferment.

"I shall remain an opponent of the Government," he said on both occasions. "That is my duty."

He embodies Carlyle's phrase, coined to sum up Robespierre, "the sea-green incorruptible." He is implacable. He never bends. He lives in a shell made tough by the grimness of his early life. He never forgets, because of what he has himself been through, the hardships that afflict millions. It is not easy to make friends with him, but when you have done so, he becomes "Manny."

Bitter with Mockery

"Go back to Poland," once shouted Nancy Astor, forgetting that she herself was born in Virginia, when he was sneering at the Tory benches, his face bitter with mockery, his eyes pouring forth the scorn he feels for men whom he regards as the enemies of everything that makes for progress.

Actually, Shinwell was born—in 1884—in the East End, the son of a poor Jewish tailor. He had to leave school when only eleven.

When the family moved to Glasgow it was in his father's backroom, where Socialists would talk for hours that Shinwell first heard what he soon decided was the only remedy for the horrible poverty he saw on every hand.

In the last war, when he organised Clydeside workers, he went to prison for "political offences" just after he had been married. "I walked about my cell," he told me, "knowing that it was my poor wife who was suffering, and that it was always the family that had to pay."

Unceasing Fight

Well, ever since, his fight for the masses has been unceasing. He spares nobody who stands in their way He has little humour, except of a kind that is all his own.

It was in Spain, during the Civil War, when I saw fighting on the Republican side with Shinwell, Jack Lawson and Aneurin Bevan, all three now members of the Cabinet, that I induced Shinwell to become my friend. Before, I am afraid, he had always suspected my sincerity. But, then, he suspects many people.

"One day, I shall find it impossible to endure any more of the sneers from the Tory benches," he then told me. "There are Fascists sitting there, their faces full of hate. Yes, one day I shall go over and punch one of them."

When, some months later, he did

The Rt. Hon. Emanuel Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power

so, he chose for the object of his wrath a former heavyweight champion of the Royal Navy! He punched him right on the jaw.

"A knowledge of boxing comes in handy sometimes," he explained to me after. "You have to learn it when you're brought up rough."

Well, in 1929 Shinwell found himself at the War Office, in a junior capacity, but in one in which he found himself arguing with admirals and naval experts. Then, in the second Socialist administration, he became Secretary of Mines, and one of the few men who ever did anything to help the shockingly mismanaged coal industry.

"Turn the Blighter Out"

When Ramsay ratted, the Labour Party, although united and loyal because of the miracle of its self-discipline, was dispirited. Shinwell, as an ill-paid propagandist, toured everywhere, week after week, accepting hospitality in the poorest of homes

Then he determined to fight Ramsay, who had been elected for Seaham Harbour—by the wives of the miners, who voted for a man who betrayed their husbands.

When he became Socialist candidate for Seaham, and Manny declared, "I shall turn the blighter out," people laughed.

Then, it looked impossible. But he began a campaign that never faltered. To everybody's surprise, when the election came in 1935, Shinwell was returned with a majority of over 20,000!

Now, with similar energy and drive, Manny is tackling the problem of coal, which no one yet has solved. It is a task that would baffle almost any other man. But Shinwell has studied it for years.

Try to realise what Shinwell's success or failure means to the nation. Coal is our greatest source of wealth. Yet, mismanagement of the pits and harshness to the miners has reduced our annual consumption from 300,000,000 tons per year after the last war to 190,000,000 tons.

So great is the plight that the expert adviser to the War Cabinet recently prophesied that within five years Britain would have to import 50,000,000 tons of coal a year, this although our resources under the earth are illimitable.

Between 1924 and 1934 the average wage of the Durham miners, whom Shinwell represents in Parliament, fell from £4 4s. 3d. per week to £2 0s. 3d.

When, in 1925, Churchill forced the nation back on the gold standard, against the advice of all the experts, a big wage cut became inevitable, and so we had the General Strike.

When Baldwin told Americans who had sent money to feed the miners' wives that no money was needed, the Prince of Wales replied by giving a donation himself.

He had seen, up North, such widespread tragedy that he told reporters, "I will see that no more peerages are given to coalowners." Within a few hours Tories were saying in the Commons, "He has betrayed us." Because of high-up pressure, the Prince's projected tour to South Wales was stopped.

When, a few weeks before his abdication, however, Edward VIII, as the Prince had then become, went to South Wales, he saw such despair that he promised the miners, "Something shall be done." Going further, he even announced to Ministers and experts that he would go down to Whitehall every day and ask, "What did you do about coal yesterday?"

A Dead Land

He had seen, in South Wales, a dead land. The source of our greatest wealth was on the dole!

Even last year, when a Coal Commission came here from the United States to investigate conditions in the coalfields, the Government suppressed its report. Yet we know that this indictment laid bare that American machinery, sent here on Lend-Lease, had been unused; that our coal output was lower than it was fifty-five years ago; "that the contraction of the industry was due to owners clinging to traditional methods and practices"; and "that there is no real coalmining policy because of Government timidity that verges on fear."

Well, after years of agitation, the Government nationalised the mining royalties. Now, the new Government is determined to nationalise the mines. No longer can they be left, if we are to survive, to owners, some of whom think only of profits, and more of whom are inefficient.

New Coal Era

As it is, the wives of the miners, knowing the dangers and the injustices their husbands have endured, will not let their sons go down the pits in their father's place. Bevin Boys preferred even front-line perils to the monotony of toil underground.

Shinwell has already hailed, as Minister, the dawn of a new Coal era, in which all can share—the men if they produce more, the owners, "if they play the game," and the whole nation. But, if any stood in the way, he threatened, he would use all the powers he possessed.

Now, we await his plan. . . .

We shall be short of coal this winter. So will all Europe.

But that is not the only problem. The main one is the saving of the industry, on which all our future depends. If Manny Shinwell fails, we shall go down as a nation, bankrupt and hopeless.

Imminent autumn will be followed soon by winter—the grimmest, deadliest winter we've ever known on this side of the Atlantic. Only one hope remains of averting tragedy—help from America. Despite the withdrawal of Lend-Lease, America *will* help. She cannot now abandon the world she has made such vast sacrifices to assist

by A. G. GARDINER

WE HAVE HAD OUR REJOICINGS and thanksgivings for the great deliverance. Let us turn now to the work of redemption.

Europe is free, but it is a wreck. Its cities are in ruins. Its peoples are starving. Millions of the flower of its manhood have perished on a hundred battlefields.

The stricken and the maimed are countless, and over the face of Europe hosts of nomads, torn up from their roots, wander homeless, bewildered and dangerous. In the British zone of occupation of Germany alone Mr. Bevin has told us, we have still two millions of these waifs and strays of the war on our hands.

Never in the history of the world has there been such a universal upheaval of mankind. All ordered government, national and local, has gone, and in almost every country it is only the presence of the Armed Forces of the Allies which prevents civil war following on the war of the nations.

Transport Has Broken Down

Transport by road and rail has broken down everywhere and there is a famine of fuel, without which the wheels of industry cannot be set revolving.

The culmination of the war all over Europe in the spring and early summer fatally impeded the cultivation of the land, and in Central Europe rains of abnormal severity have come to darken still further the prospects of the harvest upon which the feeding of the shattered nations depends.

Even the cessation of the war adds to the magnitude of the calamity. For while it rages

WHERE AMERICA COMES IN

- **The U.S.A. is not, as some British newspapers imagine, a land flowing with milk and honey. It has considerable difficulties of its own; if it is to avoid mass unemployment its trade must be far higher than ever before.**
- **But, on balance, the U.S.A. is better off than any European country.**
- **Because poverty, like peace, is indivisible, there is a good case for America sharing its bounty in order to avoid suffering from the virtual bankruptcy that has overtaken Europe.**
- **Winthrop Aldrich, president of the International Chamber of Commerce and chairman of a New York bank, has said that because Lend-Lease has been abruptly ended it is essential that the U.S.A. should grant immediate financial assistance to Britain.**
- **He went on: "The economic welfare of Britain is inseparably bound up with the economic welfare of the United States. It is no more possible for each to go separate ways in peace than in war.**
- **"If co-operation had worked in war, if it had stood the practical test in all the confusion and stress of conflict, there is every reason to believe that co-operation would work even better in peace.**
- **"There is ample field for commercial co-operation, with each recognising and respecting the divergent economic beliefs of the other."**

EUROPE'S DARKEST WINTER

kept the enslaved peoples productive, rganised and fed. Now that the dam has urst they are flooding over Europe, foodless, ke devouring locusts.

Such is the state of Europe on the eve of winter which, so far as the condition of the eople is concerned, faces us with problems ifferent but no less terrible than those of ny winter of the war.

With the exception of a few small and olated areas, like Denmark and Switzerland, here is not a single country on the Continent hich, left to itself, is not threatened with nnihilation and civil dissolution. Even rance, which is the most self-sufficient ation in Europe, is in a condition of famine ke that of a beleaguered city.

Dark Winter Looms

Only the presence of the armies and the dministrative machinery of the Allies holds he skeleton of Europe together.

And the measure of this calamity was ndicated by the remark of Mr. Bevin that *ot until the harvest of next year* could we ook for the beginning of the recovery of urope. What is to happen in the dark inter that looms between?

The question is not one of mere humanity. t is that, of course. Never has the truth that e are all members one of another been rought home to us with such emphasis as in here terrific years.

We have all been swept by a common lague, from the pine forests of Norway to the ungle of Burma, and though some have scaped more lightly than others, we know hat henceforth our fate is one and indivisible. We sink or swim together.

But there is a special reason, apart from umanity, why we cannot allow Europe to erish. It is the fountain and source of the hite civilisation and has for two thousand ears been the intellectual and spiritual riving wheel of the world.

It is from here that the Christian ethic as overspread the earth and it is here that he arts and sciences that have enriched ankind have had their birth.

Politically and industrially it can never gain lead the world so unchallengeably as it as done in the past.

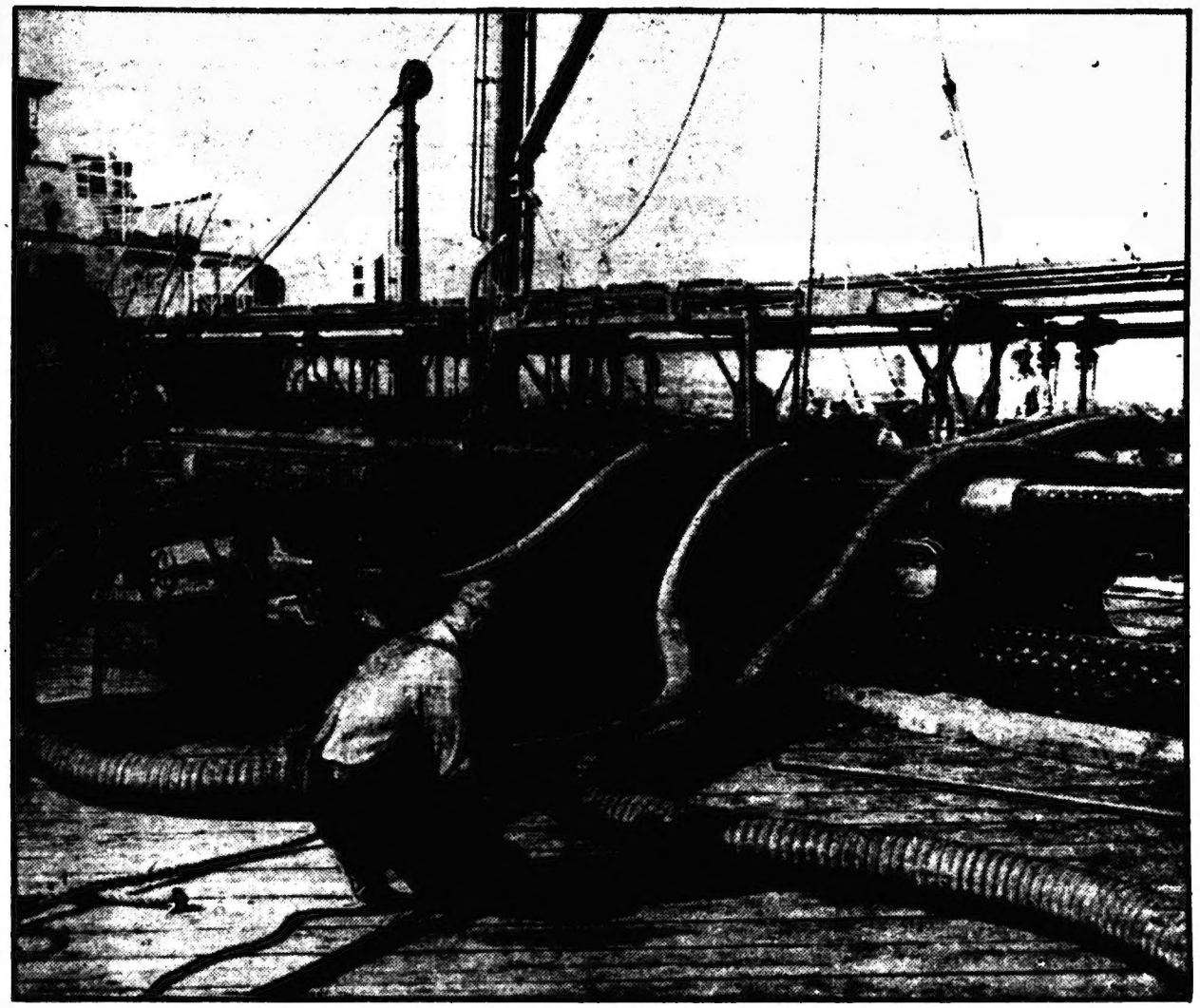
But in the realm of ideas and in the things f the mind, it should, in spite of its terrific acksliding into barbarism, recover its place s the spiritual home of the human family. he world, for its own sake, cannot let Europe erish.

Where is the Relief?

If it is to be saved, it must be tided over he grim months ahead. The administrative achine of the Allies will hold the fabric toether for a time, but without external relief n a scale that beggars calculation, the peoples f Europe will collapse under the weight of heir miseries.

Where is that relief to come from? The Government has left no doubt about our own ntentions.

We have had six lean years, during which e have done miracles and saved the world on ery short commons. After the harsh regimen of queues and rations, cold hearths, dim



Oil—life-blood of modern armies—is shipped from an American port to Britain under President Roosevelt's war-winning Lend-Lease scheme

lights, poor clothes, worse food, we had looked to the end of the war to bring us back some of the lost comforts and luxuries of life.

But not so. A still leaner year is before us. We shall bear the affliction the more cheerfully by remembering that every cut in our allowance of coal and butter, clothes and cheese, bacon and eggs, is lightening the misery of a continent whose cause is ours and whose sufferings were greater than ours.

Roosevelt's Magnificent Gesture

But all that we can do in relieving so vast a necessity is only a drop in the bucket. Much more is expected from countries like the South American republics, which have entirely escaped the rigours of the war while sharing in the deliverance which our victory has brought to them.

Most of all, Europe looks with famine-stricken eyes to the great country without whose aid there would have been no victory and no deliverance.

In the history of the war no landmark will be more memorable than President Roosevelt's magnificent gesture of Lend-Lease. Even before America's entry into the war, it brought all the material and financial power of the great Republic into the field against the Axis.

At one stroke it made ultimate victory secure. Under its operation the collective might of the Allies was mobilised and released with an inexhaustible power that dictated the end. It would be no extravagance to say that Lend-Lease won the war.

With victory it has automatically expired. It was a war measure and could not be made applicable to the years of peace.

But its expiry does not imply any weakening of America's part in the reconstruction of the world, of which a restored Europe must be a principal pillar. The tragedy that followed the last war will not be repeated. America is henceforth a world Power "for keeps."

And the immensity of her resources revealed in this war gives her the leadership of the world. She is the one great creditor nation left in the midst of the bankrupt States of the earth, and she carries the responsibilities which that position necessarily involves.

America Needs Prosperous Europe

She needs a revived and prosperous Europe in the future as much as the impoverished Europe of to-day needs her now.

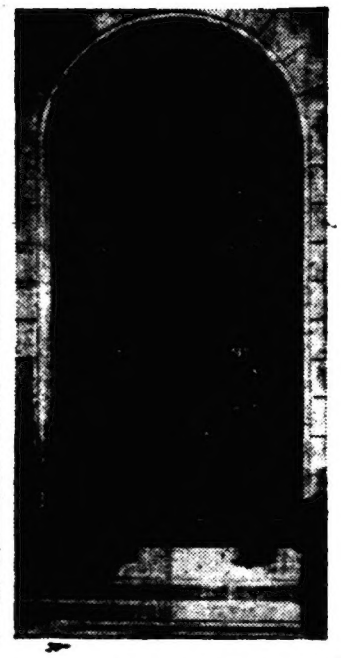
Great as has been her service, it has been her good fortune to escape the horrors and devastations which have befallen the European peoples. To that happy circumstance is due the fact that, while creating the greatest war machine in history, and waging a mighty war in each hemisphere, the normal life of the American people has been undisturbed.

This implies vast reserves on which America can draw for the mitigation of the agonies of Europe.

And the world is too familiar with the humane instincts of the American people to doubt that they will do as much to save the life of Europe this winter as Lend-Lease did to save its liberties.

Should the Government nationalise the Bank of England? The author of a new book doesn't think so. But read this review and draw your own conclusions!

When the Old Lady Comes Under New Management



The Bank of England—nicknamed The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—can affect not only international affairs but also your pay packet. (Right) Financial strong-point—the Bank's bronze doors weigh six tons each

THE GREAT GREY BULK of the Bank of England lies back a little from the traffic of Threadneedle Street. Thousands of people pass it every day, but they see little direct relation between this mass of masonry and the value of the money they have in their pockets.

The Bank of England is a name to most people and only those who move in the higher temples of finance come to understand its mysteries. But soon the veils of tradition and humbug which have hidden the Bank's precise nature from the man in the street for so long will be stripped away and reveal one of the most remarkable organisations Britain has ever known.

Behind the Scenes

The Bank of England represents the stability of British credit throughout the world. Yet it is a private company. The Bank of England controls the movements of the whole of the nation's wealth. Yet it has a capital of less than £15,000,000. The Bank of England is the nation's Bank, yet you and I cannot open an account there.

These broad generalisations help to put the Bank in its right perspective, but they do not explain why the new Government is bent on nationalisation. To understand that you need to go behind the scenes.

A new book, *Your Money and Mine*, by Barnard Ellinger (Nelson, 5s.), makes some attempt to do this. But Mr. Ellinger's analysis of the Bank is altogether too one-sided.

In fact, he leads you to believe that the philanthropic banker and the high-minded business man are working together with no other purpose in mind than furthering the public good. Instead of that, of course, there is money in it for most of the people concerned. Far more important, there is also power.

Power of the Bank Rate

At the highest level, the Bank's directors are appointed privately. For years past the majority of them have been drawn from business circles—shipping, iron and steel, and banks. In turn, the directors appoint a Governor, and again it is a purely private arrangement with no one consulting the country as a whole. The "policy" of the Bank is then decided by the Governor in consultation with the Court of Directors.

One of the important things covered by "policy" is the Bank Rate—that is, the rate of interest which the big banks have to pay to get money from the Bank of England. The Bank Rate has enormous power and affects both the man who wants to borrow money to develop his business, and the man who hopes to get a job at a reasonable wage.

It works this way. If the directors of the Bank of England decide to increase the Bank Rate, then the cost of borrowing money becomes dearer everywhere.

Everyman's Wage Packet

How does this affect you and me? Suppose Mr. Smith is hoping to develop his business and employ another two hundred workers, including you and me. He goes to the Bank and asks for a loan. The Bank says Yes, but the Bank Rate had recently gone up to 4 per cent. Now Mr. Smith was hoping to make 6 per cent profit from his new development scheme, but, with the Bank Rate standing at 4 per cent., he will only be left with 2 per cent. profit after paying the interest on the loan.

What does he do? In most cases, he thinks "2 per cent., no, it isn't worth it," and decides to drop his plan of expansion. And this means that 200 possible jobs are wiped out and it is just too bad for you and me. The change in the Bank Rate has kept us out of a job.

One vital question automatically follows. Is it right that an instrument which can control employment and unemployment, slumps and booms, should remain in private hands?

The Government says No. That is why it is about to nationalise the Bank of England. Nor does the case against the Bank stop there. This organisation, they say, is as much a part of our national life as the police force or the Army. Yet the police force and the Army were nationalised years ago.

Again, the operations of the Bank can make all the difference between a good or a bad weekly pay packet, or no weekly pay packet at all. Take the episode of the Richard Thomas steel works not so very long ago. When a big loan was necessary to finish the Richard Thomas Ebbw Vale scheme, the Bank agreed to put up the money on condition that a control committee, headed by Montagu Norman, took charge of the company.

One commentator said: "Thus the heads of rival firms, taking advantage of Richard Thomas' need for new money, and operating through the Banks, have succeeded in obtaining what at worst might prove a stranglehold on the highly efficient new Ebbw Vale works, whose competition they so much feared."

"We shall have to get rid of him—he's always falling down on the job"

In fact, the only condition on which the money was forthcoming threatened to destroy the very thing for which the new scheme was developed—to produce goods more cheaply and efficiently. "Agree to come into a ring and keep prices and profits up for everyone," they said, "or you won't get your loan." And no loan would have meant no weekly pay packet for hundreds of people.

Something seemed to go sadly wrong with British banking practice around that time. But the author of *Your Money and Mine* will have none of this.

Explaining the Mysteries

Yet the book has its good points. The author is first-rate at reducing astronomical sums of money to easily understood terms. He is interesting when he is explaining the meaning of money, and there is a great deal you can learn from his book about your money and mine.

But when he comes to nationalisation and the Bank of England he seems to think it superfluous to tamper with such a shining and efficient machine. Shining it may be, but efficient . . .? Well, it depends on what sort of efficiency you want.

We need financial efficiency to back full peace time production. The Bank didn't seem to work that way before the war.

It Almost Happened

Of course, there are dangers in nationalisation. The heavy hand of bureaucracy might deaden things. There might be a period of temporary confusion.

But it is hard to find a good case *against* nationalisation of the Bank, if only for the very simple reason that even the men who believe that it should remain a private organisation were forced to accept a line-up with the Treasury during the war. They found that the Government's policy of full war production could not be carried out without controlling the activities of the Bank.

In effect, the Bank was near, nationalised for war production. To-day, we are bent on full peace production. The conclusion seems obvious.

VINCENT BROME.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Certainly, Madam

MRS. SMITH felt sleepy. In a dreamy way she felt herself getting out of bed. As she dressed she began to think about entertaining the friends who were coming in that evening. She had not long been married, and she liked to put on a good show.

She would wear the flowered silk dress that she had bought a couple of months ago. The cleaners had promised it for this afternoon—after all, she had taken it there as soon as the shop opened yesterday. She must get some new silk stockings, too. Six pairs? Rather extravagant—perhaps three would do to go on with.

Breakfast went well. George never seemed to tire of bacon and eggs. All he wanted was his three rashers and a couple of eggs.

The laundry arrived, and she asked the man if some of her pet things could be washed under the three-day service instead of the usual week. The man said: "Certainly, madam, but we charge a penny extra on each garment for the special service."

HER SHOPPING LIST was soon complete. She must remember to call at the off-licence place. George said a bottle of whisky, two of port, and a couple of dozen bottles of beer ought to be enough. Also a box of a hundred cigarettes.

As she walked into the grocer's, the manager came forward, bowing, smiling and rubbing his hands. "What may I have the pleasure of doing for madam to-day?" he said.

"I have two complaints about my last order. When it was delivered there were only three pounds of sugar instead of five and . . ."

"Madam, I assure you . . . I really cannot explain . . . it must be that new assistant. He shall be severely reprimanded, madam. I will see that the other two pounds are sent round to your house within the next half-hour."

"And those soap-flakes—I distinctly ordered six packets of 'Whisk,' and you sent me 'Brisk' instead. However, 'Brisk' seems fairly satisfactory, so I'll keep it. Now—I have some friends coming in, and I shall want a pound of chocolate biscuits and a pound of those ones with cherries in the middle."

"Certainly, madam. And, in view of our regrettable mistake with your last order, perhaps madam will be good enough to accept as a gift a packet of our special cocktail biscuits."

A VISIT TO THE GREENGROCER was quickly over. Some William pears, a dozen oranges, a dozen Canary bananas, and—a melon? Yes, why not. Two lettuces . . . "But," said the greengrocer, "I'm afraid I can't recommend these lettuces, Mrs. Smith. They've been here since yesterday. I shall have some fresh ones this afternoon, if that will be in time. Send them up? Yes, Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. Smith was exhausted by her shopping and went to a restaurant for lunch. Steak sounded too heavy. Perhaps she would have a nice veal cutlet and then a chocolate éclair.

Something jabbed Mrs. Smith in the back and a voice said: "Move up, dear. The first hundred yards is the worst, but we're getting along."

Mrs. Smith woke up with a start. She was still standing in the fish queue. It was twelve o'clock, and George would be home at one, and she still hadn't got any greens, or any soap, or any . . . oh dear, oh dear.

Free Speech

Have the Japs Something Up Their Sleeves?

Air gunner becomes cook. Patriotism—at a price. Soldiers to replace strikers. Shrewd youngster. Building churches or homes?

AFTER SPENDING MANY YEARS in the Far East before the war, I have come to know the Japanese fairly well. I have had my doubts about their surrender ever since it was first made. Why did they stall the negotiations until MacArthur got tough? Why were their speeches those of a defiant, not a beaten, nation? Why did they continually emphasise reconstruction for the future? Future what? Before I believe in the surrender, I want answers to these and many other questions.

Are the Japs merely playing for time? Have they got something up their sleeves? Don't forget that they developed planes as good as ours. Can it be that they are well advanced in atom research, and, given six months or so of "negotiating," during which they can complete their experiments, will drop atom bombs on San Francisco and our Pacific island bases with as much warning as they gave of the Pearl Harbour attack?

Or perhaps it is that, as the Oriental mind takes a different view of time, Japan is cunningly preparing a long-term plan. This time she has failed through trying to ride too quickly on Germany's band-wagon. Does she now intend to behave outwardly as a "good nation" for as long as 30 or even 50 years until the Western nations trust her—and then suddenly to strike again for the domination that has never been out of her mind since she started to build an empire?

We should for ever be on our guard against Japanese soft words and duplicity. We should keep in Japan an occupation force twice as strong and twice as efficient as the one we plan to keep Germany under control.—R. ROBINSON, West Hampstead, N.W.3.

Chairborne

AS YOU KNOW, air-crews are being sorted out and some members made redundant. A flight-sergeant air gunner appeared before the officers conducting one redundancy board and was asked what he would like to do. He said he would like to remuster as a transport driver or an engineer. A posting has now arrived. He becomes acting L.A.C. to work as cook.—WARRANT OFFICER, R.A.F.

Changing the Pace

WHEN THE FIRM for whom I had worked for ten years declared me redundant, it took the Ministry of Labour less than two days to agree, which meant that, after the serving of the usual notice, I was discharged.

Over three weeks ago I received the offer of another job. I am still awaiting permission from the Ministry of Labour to start work. Two days to say I must leave; three weeks and more to say I can start again.—JAMES R. GORSUCH, 82, Wainbody Avenue, Green Lane, Coventry.

Trick of the Trade

A NEW AND PECULIAR CUSTOM to report to JOHN BULL: I went to collect a pair of shoes from the mender the other

"6d. extra for a needle"

day and was charged 6d. extra for a needle which the cobbler was said to have broken while stitching them.—D. A., Newmarket, Cambridgeshire.

What the Eye Can't See

THERE IS MUCH shoddy work going into the repair of bomb-damaged furniture. I watched a chair being resprung. Four springs were taken out and three new ones put in. The repairer gained one. I have seen the arms of chairs opened after repair. They have been stuffed with hay.—F. V., Iver, Bucks.

Pay-as-You-Owe

I'M NOT CADGING, grousing—or even asking readers to confirm that I am a sucker, so don't put my name or address at the end of this. When war broke out I was in A.R.P. and as a member of a local authority was booked for a job as billeting officer. I took it for granted that getting on with the war was the most important thing in life and I neglected my own business. There followed long days and nights of unpaid work.

The better I did for the country the worse I got into debt. Sometimes I did not know where to turn for a shilling, though all around me were men piling up money. Then, by some quirk of the war, my own business started to improve. I managed to earn enough to live on and began to pay off some of my debts.

The improvement has continued and now my income is coming up to pre-war standards. I'm trying to do the right thing by my creditors, but the income tax inspector doesn't see much point in that. He will allow me no reduction for paying off debts which I incurred on war work. Patriotism is not enough.—"COUNCILLOR."

Clash of Ideals

YOUR THOUGHT-PROVOKING "Argument" column is excellent. "Do strikes really pay?" gave interesting angles (JOHN BULL, August 4). But there's one point: surely it is a clash of ideals to use military forces to keep the wheels of industry turning?

If the strikers have a grievance, then the Government, as a democracy, is their servant, and is using the people's forces to defeat the object of the strikers, who are of the people. An answer may be that in the majority of strikes a small part of the public is trying to seek disproportionate advantages.—SGT. R. C., Newtownards, Northern Ireland.

"Debunking" Dogs

IS IT NOT TIME that the idea of dogs as the friends of man was debunked? In this district, their senseless, incessant barking makes sleep almost impossible for night workers. The brutes' aimless wanderings round the roads adds to the

"... makes sleep almost impossible"

danger of accidents. Soon we shall have as many dogs as people, and then there will be the trouble of feeding them. What friendship can there be for a dog that cannot be transferred to a human being?—J. WHITTAKER, 31, Culcheth Lane, Manchester, 10.

Tall Story

AS FOOD RATIONING appears to be with us for some time, I'd like to know whether readers think it right and just that people get the same whether they are long or short. I am 6 ft. 3 in. and

"... a man whose head comes up to my shoulder"

my bacon, butter, etc., is the same as for a man whose head comes up to my waist. If the Ministry of Food thinks the little man is sufficiently nourished, then the big man cannot be. The digestive organs of a person of my size do not know there is a food shortage, and they are trying to do double work on insufficient fuel.—F. H., Wallasey, Cheshire.

Nice Work

WHATEVER THE FAULTS of our youngsters, there is nothing wrong with their business instincts. I asked a boy of ten to run an errand to the cake shop for me the other day. I gave him 2s. and promised him 6d. for himself. He came back with 1s. 6d. change to tell me, "They haven't got any, mister."—CHARLES E. WELCH, 40, Newborough Crescent, Warwick.

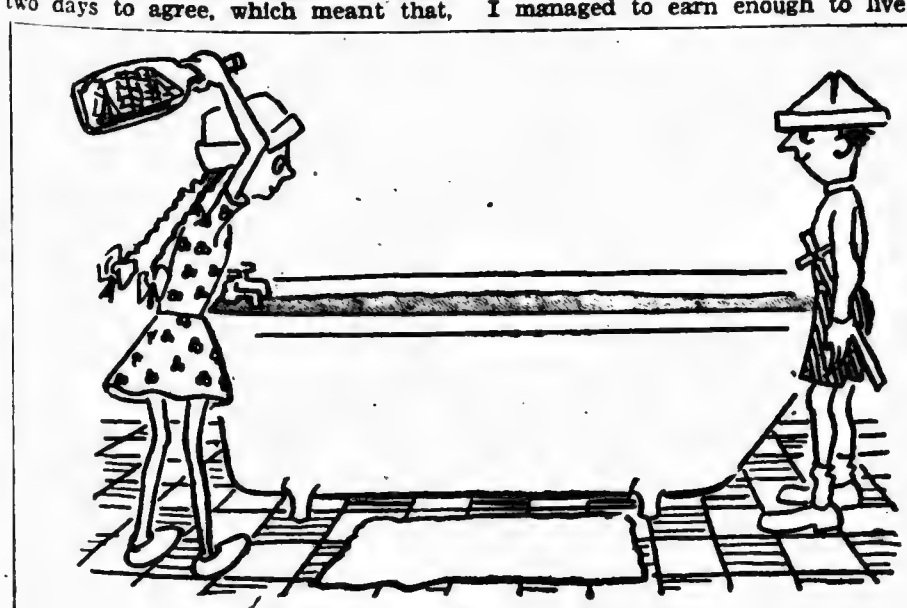
"For Ever England"

MY SON, SERVING with the B.L.A. in Germany, took a photograph of the grave of No. 14801070, Pte. R. Cadd, 6th Airborne, 2nd Oxford and Bucks. Died 4/5/45. He thought the soldier's relatives might like to have a copy of the photograph. I shall be only too glad to forward one if his relatives will get in touch with me through JOHN BULL.—GEORGE MEE, Nottingham (address enclosed.

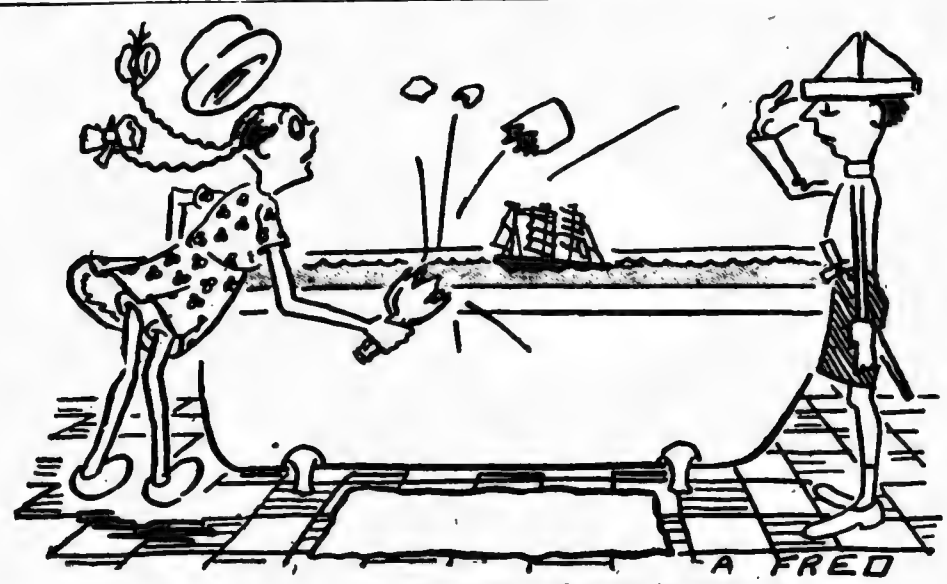
Priority at Church

I WORK AS A JOINER. At the present moment we are making oak stairs for a church. Surely we could start building houses. We have plenty of good timber.—WILLIAM MINNS, 21, Stowe Street, Lichfield, Staffs.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.



"I declare this ship . . .



. . . to be well and truly launched"

John Bull Short Story

H. G. WELLS

predicted the atomic bomb in 1914. Here, in abridged form, is one of his lesser-known but most powerful stories. It tells of a world-convulsing event which produced a new brotherhood of man. Will the peril of the atom bomb have the same result?

H. G. WELLS

The STAR

IT WAS ON THE first day of the new year that the announcement was made, almost simultaneously from three observatories, that the motion of the planet Neptune, the outermost of all the planets that wheel about the sun, had become very erratic.

Ogilvy had already called attention to a suspected retardation in its velocity in December. Such a piece of news was scarcely calculated to interest a world the greater portion of whose inhabitants were unaware of the existence of the planet Neptune, nor outside the astronomical profession did the subsequent discovery of a faint remote speck of light in the region of the perturbed planet cause any very great excitement.

Scientific people, however, found the intelligence remarkable enough, even before it became known that the new body was rapidly growing larger and brighter, that its motion was quite different from the orderly progress of the planets, and that the deflection of Neptune and its satellite was becoming now of an unprecedented kind.

On the third day of the new year the newspaper readers of two hemispheres were made aware for the first time of the real importance of this unusual apparition in the heavens.

"A PLANETARY COLLISION," one London paper headed the news, and proclaimed Duchaine's opinion that this strange new planet would probably collide with Neptune. The leader-writers enlarged upon the topic. So that in most of the capitals of the world, on January 3, there was an expectation, however vague, of some imminent phenomenon in the sky; and as the night followed the sunset round the globe, thousands of men turned their eyes skyward to see—the old familiar stars just as they had always been

Until it was dawn in London and Pollux setting and the stars overhead grown pale. The winter's dawn it was, a sickly filtering accumulation of daylight, and the light of gas and candles shone yellow in the windows to show where people were astir.

But the yawning policeman saw the thing, the busy crowds in the markets stopped agape, workmen going to their work betimes, milkmen, the drivers of news-carts, dissipation going home jaded and pale, homeless wanderers, sentinels on their beats, and in the country labourers trudging afield, poachers slinking home, all over the dusky quickening country it could be seen—and out at sea by seamen watching for the day—a great white star, come suddenly into the westward sky!

BRIGHTER IT WAS than any star in our skies; brighter than the evening star at its brightest. It still glowed out white and large, no mere twinkling spot of light, but a small round clear shining disc, an hour after the day had come.

And in a hundred observatories there had been suppressed excitement, rising almost to shouting pitch, as the two remote bodies had rushed together, and a hurrying to and fro to gather photographic apparatus and spectroscope, and this appliance and that, to record this novel astonishing sight, the destruction of a world.

For it was a world, a sister planet of our earth, far greater than our earth indeed, that had so suddenly flashed into flaming death. Neptune it was, had been struck, fairly and squarely, by the strange planet from outer space, and the heat of the concussion had incontinently turned two solid globes into one vast mass of incandescence.

And when next it rose over Europe everywhere were crowds of watchers on hilly slopes, on house-roofs, in open spaces, staring eastward for the rising of the great new star. It rose with a white glow in front of it, like the glare of a white fire, and those who had seen it come into existence the night before cried out at the sight of it.

"It is larger!" they cried. "It is brighter!"

And indeed the moon, a quarter full and sinking in the west, was in its apparent size beyond comparison, but scarcely in all its breadth had it as much brightness now as the little circle of the strange new star.

"It is brighter!" cried the people clustering in the streets. But in the dim observatories the watchers held their breath and peered at one another. "It is nearer!" they said. "Nearer!"

And voice after voice repeated, "It is nearer!" and the clicking telegraph took that up, and it trembled along telephone wires, and in a thousand cities grimy compositors fingered the type. "It is nearer!"

Men writing in offices, struck with a strange realisation, flung down their pens; men talking in a thousand places suddenly came upon a grotesque possibility in those words, "It is nearer!"

It hurried along awakening streets, it was shouted down the frost-stilled ways of quiet villages, men who had read these things from the throbbing tape stood in yellow-lit doorways shouting the news to the passers-by. "It is nearer!"

Pretty women, flushed and glittering, heard the news told jestingly between the dances, and feigned an intelligent interest they did not feel. "Nearer! Indeed. How curious! How very, very clever people must be to find out things like that!"

LONELY TRAMPS faring through the wintry night murmured those words to comfort themselves—looking skyward. "It has need to be nearer, for the night's as cold as charity. Don't seem much warmth from it if it is nearer, all the same."

"What is a new star to me?" cried the weeping woman kneeling beside her dead.

The master mathematician sat in his private room and pushed the papers from him. His calculations were already finished.

In a small white phial there still remained a little of the drug that had kept him awake and active for four long nights. Each day, serene, explicit, patient as ever, he had given his lecture to his students, and then had come back at once to this momentous calculation.

His face was grave, a little drawn and hectic from his drugged activity. For some time he seemed lost in thought. Then he went to the window, and the blind went up with a click. Half-way up the sky, over the clustering roofs, chimneys and steeples of the city, hung the star.

He looked at it as one might look into the eyes of a brave enemy. "You may kill me," he said after a silence. "But I can hold you—and all the universe for that matter—in the grip of this little brain. I would not change. Even now."

He looked at the little phial. "There will be no need of sleep again," he said.

THE NEXT DAY at noon, punctual to the minute, he entered his lecture theatre, put his hat on the end of the table, as his habit was, and carefully selected a large piece of chalk. It was a joke among his students that he could not lecture without that piece of chalk to fumble in his fingers, and once he had been stricken to impotence by their hiding his supply. He came and looked under his grey eyebrows at the rising tiers of young, fresh faces, and spoke with his accustomed studied commonness of phrasing.

"Circumstances have arisen—circumstances beyond my control," he said and paused, "which will debar me from completing the course I had designed. It would seem, gentlemen, if I may put the thing clearly and briefly, that—Man has lived in vain."

And presently they began to understand.

That night the star rose later, for its proper eastward motion had carried it some way across Leo towards Virgo, and its brightness was so great that the sky became a luminous blue as it rose, and every star was hidden in its turn, save only Jupiter near the zenith, Capella, Aldebaran, Sirius, and the pointers of the Bear.

And everywhere the world was awake that night, and throughout Christendom a sombre murmur hung in the keen air over the countryside like the belling of bees in the heather, and this murmurous tumult grew to a clangour in the cities. It was the tolling of the bells in a million belfry towers and steeples, summoning the people to sleep no more, sin no more, but to gather in the churches and pray.

And the streets and houses were all in all the cities, the shipyards glar and whatever roads led to high coun were lit and crowded all night long. A in all the seas about the civilised lan ships with throbbing engines, and sh with bellying sails, crowded with m and living creatures, were standing to ocean and the north.

For already the warning of the mat mathematician had been telegraphed over the world, and translated into hundred tongues. The new planet Neptune, locked in a fiery embrace, w whirling headlong, ever faster and fas towards the sun. Already every seco this blazing mass flew a hundred mil and every second its terrific veloci increased.

INEVITABLY JUPITER would be deflect from his orbit into an elliptical pat and the burning star, swung by h attraction wide of its sunward rus would "describe a curved path" a perhaps collide with, and certainly pa very close to, our earth.

"Earthquakes, volcanic outbreak cyclones, sea waves, flood, and a stead rise in temperature to I know not wh limit"—so prophesied the master mathematician.

The star grew—it grew with a terrib steadiness hour after hour, a little large each hour, a little nearer the midnigh zenith, and brighter and brighter, unti it had turned night into a second day.

And upon all the mountains of th earth the snow and ice began to mel that night, and all the rivers coming ou of high country flowed thick and turbid and soon—in their upper reaches—wit swirling trees and the bodies of beast and men. They rose steadily, steadily in the ghostly brilliance, and came trick ling over their banks at last, behind th flying population of their valleys.

And along the coast of Argentina an up the South Atlantic the tides wer higher than had ever been in the memory of man, and the storms drov the waters in many cases scores of mile inland, drowning whole cities. And s great grew the heat during the night that the rising of the sun was like the coming of a shadow.

The earthquakes began and grew until all down America from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn hillsides were sliding, fissures were opening, and houses and walls crumbling to destruction. The whole side of Cotopaxi slipped out in one vast convulsion, and a tumult of lava poured out so high and broad and swift and liquid that in one day it reached the sea.

SO THE STAR, with the wan moon in its wake, marched across the Pacific, trailed the thunderstorms like the hem of a robe, and the growing tidal wave that toiled behind it, frothing and eager, poured over island and island and swept them clear of men. Until that wave came at last—in a blinding light and with the breath of a furnace, swift and terrible it came—a wall of water fifty feet high, roaring hungrily, upon the long coasts of Asia, and swept inland across the plains of China.

For a space the star, hotter now and larger and brighter than the sun in its strength, showed with pitiless brilliance the wide and populous country; towns and villages with their pagodas and trees, roads, wide cultivated fields, mil lions of sleepless people staring in help less terror at the incandescent sky; and then, low and growing, came the murmur of the flood. And thus it was with millions of men that night—a flight no whither, with limbs heavy with heat and breath fierce and scant, and the flood like a wall swift and white behind. And then death.

And then came a wonder. It seemed to those who in Europe watched for the rising of the star that the world must

ave ceased its rotation. In a thousand pen spaces of down and upland the eople who had fled thither from the oods and the falling houses and sliding opes of hill watched for that rising in ain. Hour followed hour through a rrible suspense, and the star rose not. nce again men set their eyes upon the d constellations they had counted lost them forever.

In England it was hot and clear overead, though the ground quivered peretually, but in the tropics, Sirius and apella and Aldebaran showed through veil of steam. And when at last the reat star rose near ten hours late, the un rose close upon it, and the centre f its white heart was a disc of black.

MEN LOOKING UP, near blinded, at the star, saw that a black disc was creepng across the light. It was the moon, oming between the star and the earth. nd even as men cried to God at this espite, out of the East with a strange nexplicable swiftness sprang the sun. nd then star, sun and moon rushed ogether across the heavens.

So it was that presently, to the European watchers, star and sun rose close pon each other, drove headlong for a pace and then slower, and at last came o rest, star and sun merged into one lare of flame at the zenith of the sky. The moon no longer eclipsed the star, ut was lost to sight in the brilliance of he sky.

And then the clouds gathered, blotting ut the vision of the sky, the thunder nd lightning wove a garment round he world; all over the earth was such downpour of rain as men had never efore seen, and where the volcanoes lared red against the cloud canopy there descended torrents of mud. Everywhere he waters were pouring off the land, eaving mud-silted ruins, and the earth ittered like a storm-worn beach with ll that had floated, and the dead bodies f the men and brutes, its children.

But the star had passed, and men, hunger-driven and gathering courage nly slowly, might creep back to their uined cities, buried granaries, and odden fields. Such few ships as had scaped the storms of that time came tunned and shattered and sounding heir way cautiously through the new marks and shoals of once familiar ports. And as the storms subsided men perceived that everywhere the days were hotter than of yore, and the sun larger, and the moon, shrunk to a third of its former size, took now fourscore days between its new and new.

But of the new brotherhood that grew presently among men, of the saving of laws and books and machines, of the strange change that had come over Iceland and Greenland, and the shores of Baffin's Bay, so that the sailors coming there presently found them green and gracious, and could scarce believe their eyes, this story does not tell. Nor of the movement of mankind now that the earth was hotter, northward and southward towards the poles of the earth. It concerns itself only with the coming and the passing of the star.

THE MARTIAN ASTRONOMERS—for there are astronomers on Mars, although they are very different beings from men —were naturally profoundly interested by these things. They saw them from their own standpoint, of course.

"Considering the mass and temperature of the missile that was flung through our solar system into the sun," one wrote, "it is astonishing what a little damage the earth, which it missed so narrowly, has sustained. All the familiar continental markings and the masses of the seas remain intact, and, indeed, the only difference seems to be a shrinkage of the white discoloration (supposed to be frozen water) round either pole."

Which only shows how small the vastest of human catastrophes may seem, at a distance of a few million miles.

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JOHN BULL'S Investigator reports on restless men living in misery while red-tape causes a dangerous

DEMOBILISATION BOTTLENECK

RECENTLY I went down to the Royal Naval Dockyard at Portsmouth. I came away perplexed and depressed.

At the dockyard itself, and in and around the barracks near by, I saw hundreds of sailors standing about idly, grumbling among themselves, smoking moodily, yawning, moping, and looking as bored as they doubtless felt.

True, it was a grey day. Was it just the English summer that made faces so long?

The first man I asked was a stoker of thirty. For over two months he has been loafing about Portsmouth Dockyard, with absolutely nothing to do, waiting either for early demobilisation or transfer to the Far East.

Heroes Scrub Bricks

"I don't care what they do with me," he said. "Any ship, big or small, would be better than messing around here. We're like rats in a trap—cannot get out, cannot move, have nothing before us. . . .

Every sailor I spoke to had the same complaints.

"Portsmouth isn't like old 'Pompey' was in the early days," one said. "It's falling to ruins fast."

This man, who had chased U-boats under appalling fire and had taken part in many leading sea battles, said he was provided with better conditions in those hectic and dangerous days than those he has had to put up with ashore.

"There are seventy-eight men crowded together in my block. Yet the official *maximum* allowed is thirty."

Imagine seventy-eight men sleeping, almost face to face, in a room that can only house thirty!

Actually, the entire accommodation at Portsmouth for naval personnel was fitted up to accommodate 10,000 in all. Now it has to cater for more than 25,000.

So the men roam the streets, frequent the "locals," crowd into the cinemas, lie in the parks and open spaces, do anything to while away the wait for demobilisation.

Some, to relieve monotony, have washed down local monuments without anyone's bidding. Others have scrubbed the bricks around garden flower-beds or recreation garden gates.

Vital work, this, isn't it, for first-rate naval gunners who stood up to dive-bombers, to torpedoes, to the worst of Nazi gunfire in mid-ocean in the dead of night?

Some of the men at Chatham Dockyard, where Nelson's flagship *Victory* was built, were recently on the point of serious discontent (to put it delicately) until Admiralty officials went down to placate them.

They complained—and stood by one another in large numbers—of the overcrowding, of the bad food, of the poor "hospital" and sick-leave amenities (or rather lack of them), and of the lack of anything like adequate recreation facilities or reading-rooms.

One block at Chatham—constructed nearly fifty years ago to cater for the sleeping accommodation of a hundred men—recently had between 400 and 500 men herded within its walls.

At Devonport, local naval officers have quietened the growing protests over the same kind of conditions prevailing in the dockyard by granting special weekend leave to between 2,000 and 3,000 sailors and Wrens in excess of establishment facilities there.

Official Explanation

High officials at the Admiralty agree that this overcrowding is a serious problem and one that will have to be tackled.

They say the trouble is that demobilisation in the Navy must necessarily be a much longer and more protracted problem than in the other Services. For Grade "A" is made up of older men, whose chance to go back to civil life comes first, and in Grade "A" the numbers are far greater than in Grade "B."

W. J. Edwards, ex-stoker, new Civil Lord of the Admiralty, has a heavy reconstruction job ahead as O.C. shore establishments

Yet is is mostly Grade "B" men who are quartered in our great naval dockyards—restless, roomless, the victims of enforced monotony. And until the discharge of Grade "A" men this problem of overcrowding will remain.

To take over airfields and Army huts as a temporary measure has its good points. But some much greater and more efficient plan must be introduced if we are not to have unrest in the naval dockyards affected.

Blueprint for the Future

The fact is that, in naval conditions, we are a century behind the Americans.

A week or so ago the official organ of the British Pacific Fleet wrote this about British dockyard accommodation:

"Take away the atmosphere of prisons and workhouses, build naval barracks bright, have decent modern laundries, galleys, rest rooms, writing rooms, bigger libraries, canteens, games rooms, and adequate locker space.

"To create a better and bigger Navy the shore accommodation should be as much a consideration of Their Lordships of the Admiralty as guns, shells and armour."

I agree. I hope the new rulers of the Admiralty do—and I advise them to take action quickly.

Is Your Fancy in the Horses' "Who's Who"?

Wednesday's St. Leger at York gives special interest to this article on blue-blooded horseflesh

IT IS REPORTED that £120,000 was offered—and refused—for the winner of this year's Derby. Dante at stud may be expected to earn this sum and perhaps more. Yet he is descended from a horse whose original owner thought so little of him that he sold him for five guineas! That horse was Eclipse, the "perfect" English racehorse who was never beaten in 26 races, and who sired 344 winners of races worth over £158,000 in the 18th century.

The descent from Eclipse of Dante, as of every other thoroughbred horse in England to-day, is recorded in the "Who's Who" of the Turf—the Stud Book. What "Who's Who" does for human celebrities, the Stud Book does for horses—with this difference, that only right of birth will get a horse into its pages.

Probably most racegoers never see a copy of the Stud Book. But in racing, no horse really counts unless it is registered in the Stud Book.

Periodically, a new volume of the Stud Book is published with details of the colts and fillies registered with the Jockey Club since the last edition, as well as of racing and stud horses that have died. The volume is, in fact, a complete "Births, Marriages and Deaths" record of thoroughbred horses for the years preceding its publication.

The General Stud Book first appeared in 1781, less than twenty years after the birth of Eclipse. Its successive volumes form a complete record of the evolution of the English racehorse. By careful breeding a perfect machine for speed and stamina has been produced, and the sorriest racehorse of to-day would probably leave standing an English horse of the early 18th century. Admiral Rous used to say that even an Arab horse without rider or saddle would have no chance against the modern thoroughbred.

British thoroughbreds originated in the interbreeding of two Arab horses and one Turk with English horses at the beginning of the 18th century. These three Eastern horses, the Godolphin, the Darley Arabian and the Byerly Turk, are the ancestors of all the thoroughbreds in the world to-day.

Originally horses of other fines were admitted to the Stud Book, but there has been ruthless pruning of the second-rate, and "families" have been eliminated from the nobility of the Turf.

About fifty years ago, for instance, all but 78 of the 387 mares originally listed were eliminated, and of 174 Eastern stallions named in the first volume, only three have kept "approved" lines intact. There are now more than 70,000 thoroughbreds of the past and present whose ancestry is recorded.

The Jockey- Club was about thirty years old when it began to collect data for a Stud Book in 1781. There had been other stud books—notably one published by John Cheyne in 1741—but there was no official Stud Book. Cheyne died in 1751, and it fell to the Jockey Club to develop his idea, just as it developed his plan of a "Racing Calendar."

The Racing Calendar is the counterpart of the Stud Book. While the Stud Book records breeding, the Racing Calendar gives the actual details of racing.

Cheyne published his first Calendar in 1727. When he died, several rival Calendars appeared, until, in 1769, the Jockey Club gave its special authorisation to one issued by Reginald Heber. Soon afterwards, the Club made its own secretary responsible for compiling the list of races, colours, owners, conditions, etc. The Calendar has appeared ever since.

The volumes of the Racing Calendar and of the Stud Book between them present a complete and fascinating panorama of the great English sport, right back to the days when the three Arabs were imported with such far-reaching results.

J. M. MICHAELSON.

Shock of His Life

TO receive a £100 telegram just before starting on his holiday was a welcome shock one recent Friday for "Bulleteer" J. B. Beggs, 4, Lucerne Parade, Belfast. "But I soon got over it!" added the winner in Contest 1,488. His was the First Prize *Bullet*, Felt Like a Lord — Tommy — Plain "Mr." Again.

Not £100 but £250 *and* a Luxury Radio await the winner this week—they can be yours if you shoot in your coupon below.

"BULLETS" FIRST UP AGAIN!

£250 CASH plus £25 RADIO

£20 plus PEN - £10 plus PEN

3 of £8, 3 of £6, 3 of £4

25 of £1, 200 of 2s. 6d.

1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Sept. 22 with details of new £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

HUMANITY'S GOAL
THE WAR'S OVER, BUT
NOW LABOUR RULES
SHOOK THE WORLD
FOR THE HUNGRY
GERMANY AND JAPAN
OUR RIGHT
FOR GOOD OR EVIL
WONDER OF WONDERS
BRAINS AND GRIT
NO FUTURE
IN TIME
BLOTTED HIS COPY-BOOK
EASILY MANAGED
TOLD HER A LOT
BIG THINGS
SMACK IN THE EYE
WIFEY'S TROUBLE
SNIFFED AT
NOT PLAYING THE GAME

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual

GAVE ..... A HEADACHE
FREE TO .....
UPSET THE ..... WE WANT
..... THINKING OF .....
HE'S ONLY A ..... SO

Result 1,490 — First Prize £100 and Holiday

L.A.C. FUSSELL, R.A.F., 12, CRICKLADE ROAD, BRISTOL.

BARRIER TO PEACE REMOVABLE - PUT *THAT* "ACROSS"!

£25: H. Donnelly, 57, Park Terrace, Swalwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
The People Upstairs—Think "Lease" Includes "Lend."

£15: W. Bateman, 21, Fenber Avenue, Blackpool.
Democracy's Policemen—Mustn't "Handcuff" One Another.

3 of £8:
P. Brown, 19, Belmont Avenue, Harrogate.
Somewhere To Live—On Return, In Return.

E. G. Evans, 42, Shaftesbury Road, Weston-super-Mare.
Going Shopping—With *Black* List, Soon.

F. Nicholson, 48, Voelas Street, Liverpool.
To Make Amends—Leave Germany That "Power"!

3 of £6:
H. C. Clarke, 17, High Street, Devizes.
Back To Work—And Backward Working Conditions?

J. S. Evans, 35a, Taff Street, Pontypridd.
The Day Will Come When—Germany's Famous For *Butter*.

H. J. Smith, 2, Highbury Terrace, London, N.5.
Step Forward—Advancing Elderly Magistrate's Retirement.

3 of £4:
W. Beaumont, 5, Windsor Street, Salford.
Step Forward—Youngster's *Ability* Deciding "Walk."

L. W. Chester, 55, Belvoir Road, Coalville, Leicester.
The Day Will Come When—Dad's *Other* Tomato Ripe!

R. L. Simpson, 210, Evington Road, Leicester.
At The Seaside—*Arrival* Of The Fittest.

A list of 25 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted. Additional £25 Bonus, as offered, shared by 27 winners of £2 and over.

CHEQUES AND PENS WON—XWORD 442. WINNING WORDS: 1. Beaming. 2. Dregs. 3. Loss. 4. Mad or Mud. 5. Threat. 6. Aisle. 7. Bye. 8. Loan. 9. Cado. 10. Balm. 11. Drug. 12. Day. 13. Den. 14. Mend.

£50 SHARERS: Miss L. Ballinger, 71, Ravenscourt Road, Hammersmith, W.6; H. J. Francis, 10, Cedar Court, Eltham, S.E.9; Cpl. S. Hislam, H.Q. Allied Commission, C.M.F.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 25 entrants. All Winners and Runners-up receive Fountain Pen as offered.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,494, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

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2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 "Bullets" you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,494
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 10.

For £50 "BULLETIN" (SEPT. 22), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

MODERN FARMING NEEDS MECHANICS

Job in a big store. Duties of a best man. Private coaching is not recommended. Debts on premises in coastal evacuation areas

"I HAVE BEEN a farmer all my life and I come of a family of farmers. My son does not want to work on the land. He is keen on engineering and is more interested in motors than in horses and cattle. Living in a machine age, I suppose this is natural, but, all the same, it is a disappointment to me. Should I be right in insisting on his taking up farming?"

A boy compelled to follow one occupation while his heart is set on something different is almost certain to be unhappy and will prove to be more of a liability than an asset. But if your lad is so keen on machinery, surely there is plenty of scope for him on a farm nowadays?

I suggest apprenticing him to a blacksmith under the new scheme. This is to be administered through local authorities, and you should ask at your nearest town hall. If you have difficulty, write to the Secretary, Ministry of Education, Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1, mentioning Circular No. 62, August 7, 1945.

He will be given a sound working knowledge of internal combustion engines (especially tractors), farm machinery and implements, assembling farm equipment from drawings, the theory and practice of farriery, the installation of farm water systems, electrical wiring and repairs, and much else.

He will spend one day a week in a technical school or college, or, if that is inconvenient, he will spend eight weeks every year in a technical college during the five years of his training.

With such a training a young man could be useful in any part of the country. If he hankered after life in one of our Dominions he would be welcomed there.

"MY MATRICULATION results will be out in September. In a school 'practice' before the examination I got five credits, but failed in mathematics. My parents were not as lucky as I am over education and cannot really give me advice about a career. I want to go into a bank—where I can get on. But my headmaster thinks I ought to be a teacher. Have you any ideas?

Weak in maths. and anxious to go into a bank? Something wrong there. It would be equally wrong to take up teaching if you don't like it. My idea (if it appeals to you at all) would be to go in for a job in a big city store. Nearly all the assistants nowadays have secondary education and the shops are crying out for buyers and managerесses. You would be able to find out in a short time the direction in which your interests and talents lie, then you could specialise and work for promotion.

"I HAVE BEEN ASKED to be the best man at my friend's wedding next month. I don't want to refuse, but I know nothing about these things. Can you tell me what the best man's duties are, and what are the chief points to watch?"

Don't leave everything for the actual day of the wedding. Make certain that the necessary preliminaries, such as getting the licence and putting up the banns, have been carried out, and that the wedding party is expected at the church at the time arranged.

On the day itself you will

accompany the bridegroom to the church. Be sure that you have the ring with you and notice which pocket you put it in. When the bride reaches the church door the groom takes up his place to the right of the chancel steps. You stand a little behind him on his right.

At the end of the ceremony you will give your left arm to the chief bridesmaid and follow the couple into the vestry for the signing of the register. Later you will see the young couple into the taxi, then the bride's parents, after which you will follow with the chief bridesmaid and other members of the wedding party.

You will make yourself useful at the reception and reply to the toast of the bridesmaids. Your official duties end when the pair leave for the honeymoon.

It is your job also to pay the fees after the service to the clergyman, the organist and choir (if any), and to give a tip to the verger. The money side will, of course, be settled privately with the bridegroom.

"I HAVE AN ADOPTED son who will be sitting for a scholarship examination next year. I am told by a neighbour that children who are privately coached have a better chance of passing. The boy is strong and healthy, and is always out of doors, cycling or playing games. But he won't read books. Do you recommend me to get a tutor for him?"

I don't agree with this cramming for examinations. Often it does more harm than good. Scholarship exams. are usually fairly simple and are based upon work done in school and upon general intelligence. In some areas, private coaching of candidates is forbidden altogether.

Your lad sounds to be a very healthy specimen of boyhood. You might coax him to read during the winter evenings, but only for the fun he gets out of it, not as a task. Parents who worry their children about passing exams, usually only make them nervous. I have known children to collapse on the day, and quite a number suffer from bilious attacks. For this reason the past school record is also taken into consideration in assessing a boy's ability.

DOUBLED X-WORD CASH £100

£100 FIRST PRIZE. Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Superior this helps you to knock out competitors—BRA□N. 2. Party will be glad of such a pen—□OLD. 3. May be quite a sensible fellow in other ways—DU□E. 4. Sportsman who needs this after playing should be careful—□UB. 5. Sea captains appreciate value of—MAT□S. 6. Is often inadequate to meet the demand—□EAM. 7. Can prove pretty hot, too—CA□DY. 8. Painters think quite a lot of this—S□ADE. 9. Flags enhance the appearance of one—MA□T. 10. Ringing of bell is sometimes actually caused by—F□RE. 11. Selling one should be easy to accomplish—PLA□E. 12. It may be awkward for you to approach—LO□T. 13. To eat this from choice and enjoy it is hard to understand—□ROG. 14. It's a pity to spoil one by poor arrangement—MA□CH.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Sept. 22 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark **MONDAY, Sept. 10.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 446, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 442 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Moratorium Debts

W. R., Brighton: Provision was made in the Liabilities (War-Time Adjustment) Act, 1944, to give relief to persons who hold premises in a coastal evacuation area which they left in 1940, or from which they have had no income since 1940 and upon which debts, termed moratorium debts, have accrued. For example, a man may have a leasehold house in an evacuation area, which he and his family left in 1940 upon official advice, and to which he now wishes to return. There will now have accumulated five years' rent, rates and various other charges, such debts being moratorium debts.

He should apply to a Liabilities Adjustment Officer, who may negotiate with the creditors to determine to what extent, and in what manner, the moratorium debts should be paid. If agreement cannot be reached, he may apply to the appropriate county court which has power to *order* to what extent and in what manner the debts should be paid. Mortgage interest can also be similarly adjusted.

The applicant in respect of moratorium debts need not necessarily be said to be in financial difficulties, but the Liabilities Adjustment Officer, or the court, require to have regard to the relative degree of hardship suffered by the debtor and by the creditor.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL's War Sufferers' Fund registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Why not
Be Cheerful
Fit & Youthful

TO feel 'on top of the world'; to go through each day with brightness and zest depends upon internal health and the good spirits that go with it. Bile Beans keep you 'feeling fine' all the time.

Bile Beans tone you up and improve your health and looks. Purifying the blood and gently eliminating food-wastes and harmful toxins, these fine vegetable pills clear the skin and keep you fit and vital through the year.

By Regularly Taking

BILE BEANS

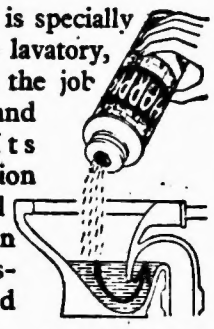
How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time).

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

Because it is specially made for the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration — cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use — a real boon to the housewife.



Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

HARPIC

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"Walters" **Palm** TOFFEE

absolutely takes the palm for Value, Quality and Charm

I, Too, Owe You Much

STOMACH SUFFERER PRAISES MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

Cheltenham.

Dear Sirs,

I have just read another sufferer's praise of your Stomach Powder, and I feel that I, too, owe you much. Your prescriptions of both Powder and Tablets are a veritable boon . . .

I was resigned to a diet . . . but I took your Powder regularly, and to-day I can eat anything which I fancy and feel fine.

My gratitude I extend to you.

(Signed) J. D.

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Only genuine if signed
"ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

FOR ALL "JOHN BULL" READERS!

THE VICTORY BOOK

A wonderful Pictorial Record of the War from August, 1939, to the Defeat of Germany—320 pages, over 150 illustrations

NOW that final Victory has been achieved, "John Bull" readers will welcome the opportunity of securing this great work, which is an amazing record of the most tremendous chapter in British history. Starting with the occupation of Poland in August, 1939, and Britain's Declaration of War on September 3, 1939, the book recalls the most dramatic episodes right through the war up to Germany's surrender. As you turn the pages, tremendous events are recorded in wonderful photographs and vivid text: the sinking of the "Graf Spee"; the immortal story of Dunkirk; how "the few" and the men and women of British cities beat the Luftwaffe; of Jap treachery and jungle fighting in the Far East; vivid stark chapters of the days when armed might strode almost unchallenged, until the later years when the tide of victory turned, and Allied troops surged triumphantly through North Africa, Italy and France and into Germany itself. Read too of Stalingrad—of Russia's stupendous heroism and sacrifices—of all free peoples rejoicing when Victory came at last.

There is bound to be a big demand for this historic volume—now coming off the press, and readers are advised to make sure of their copy by ordering AT ONCE. Complete and post the Order Label as directed NOW.

STANDARD EDITION. Blue Bookcloth, send only 6 6, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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DO THIS NOW. Fill in the "Book with Care" label below as directed and post with P.O. for the correct amount according to the edition required to **Odhams Press Ltd., "The Victory Book," Book Dept., J.T.2, Kings Langley, Herts.** Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co.. All applications must be received by September 12. **This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be entered on label.**

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STANDARD EDITION 6/6 **DE LUXE EDITION 7/6**

Strike out Edition not required.

H.L.W.

J.T.2, 1/9 45.

WILL YOU DO A GOOD DEED?

Will you, as a Peace Thanks Offering, help the great Christmas Appeal for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1?

If so put a ring round the amount you will send, and a reminder will be posted to you in good time for Christmas?

Send no money now.

Your kind act will never be forgotten.

2/6	5/-	10/-	£1

Write your name and address below in BLOCK LETTERS.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Enclose this coupon with the Form on the left.

J.T.2, 1/9 45.

Time and time again a skin trouble which seemed as though it would never heal, has taken a sudden turn and quickly cleared up. The skin that was sore and erupted is clean and healthy again. Days and nights of torment are ended; and all because someone said "Get some Dettol Ointment." This soothing, healing, germ-killing ointment contains in active form the bactericidal ingredient of the famous antiseptic Dettol.

Take my advice . . get some

From all Chemists, price 1/5, large size 3/4½, including tax.

DETTOL OINTMENT

BIG BAD MOUSE

"I am the phantom mouse come to avenge the death of my comrades. Wretched Tiger, prepare to meet thy doom."

"At last—'Tibs' to the rescue! No more nightmares after this!"

"Out of my way, you measly mouse. You're no monster now—but I'm really a Tiger on 'Tibs'."

TIBS *keep cats kittenish*

Remember the rule—one powder a day 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport

25P

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

SNAP VACUUM (Reg.) **CLOSURES**

Bottle the late fruits & tomatoes the simple SNAP Vacuum CLOSURE way. In cartons of 12. Price 2/6, plus 8d. tax. 1 lb. or 2 lb. size.

GRAHAM FARISH
LIMITED
STAPLEHURST·KENT
(ALSO AT BROMLEY KENT)

take **Fennings**
LITTLE HEALERS

at the first sign of an attack of
INFLUENZA
BRONCHITIS
OR COLDS

and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS
6d phts. 1'3 & 3'- glass tubes

Send 3p in stamps to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.o.W. for copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

This **PORTER** says

"Carrying and pushing heavy loads often give me heartburn after meals, but I quickly end the trouble with 'Bisurated' Magnesia."

The ingredients in this reliable remedy for digestive upsets neutralise all excess acid in the stomach, and relieve the symptoms of indigestion.

Ask your Chemist to-day for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Take a dose after meals and enjoy your food. 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax).

'Bisurated' Magnesia

dye it with

JIFFY DYES

Still lead the way for successful home dyeing

Made by the makers of DRUMMER DYES EDGES, BOLTON

FOOD M.F. FACTS

No. 4 IN A SPECIAL SERIES

making the MOST of CHEESE

KEEPING & COOKING TIPS *How to keep Cheese.* Wrap in a margarine or butter paper, and hang in a piece of muslin in a cool airy place. This prevents mould, hardens the cheese and makes it more economical to use.
Cooking Cheese. Cook at a fairly low heat or it may become tough and stringy; but if your recipe requires fierce heat, cook the cheese for only a very short time. Use the rind for flavouring sauces, etc., but remove it before serving the dish.

VEGETABLES au GRATIN for 4

A good main dish for lunch or supper.
Ingredients : 1½ lb. any root vegetables, ¾ pint cheese sauce (*see recipe opposite*), browned breadcrumbs. *Method :* Prepare and slice the vegetables. Cook them until tender in a little boiling, salted water. Drain and keep hot, using the vegetable stock to make the cheese sauce. Put the vegetables in a pie-dish and pour over the sauce. Sprinkle browned breadcrumbs on top and brown under the grill or in a hot oven.

TEA FOR THE OVER 70's

When you have used all the coupons on your old card (RG64), you can obtain your new card of additional tea coupons by applying personally, or by post, or by sending a friend to the Food Office. Take, or send, the top part of the old card and your new ration book to the Food Office.

Over 70's additional tea coupons are worth ½ oz. each and can be used 8 at one time during periods 1 and 2 or 3 and 4, etc., to buy ¼ lb.

CHEESE SAUCE

This is a standard sauce recipe suitable for serving with any vegetable and with macaroni or noodles. *Ingredients :* 4 level tablespoons flour, ¼ level teaspoon of mustard, 1½ level teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ¾ pint milk and water, or vegetable stock, 6 level tablespoons grated cheese. *Method :* Blend flour and seasoning with a little of the liquid. Boil the remainder. Pour on to blended flour. Return to pan, stir until boiling and boil gently for 5 minutes. Add the grated cheese and stir without boiling until melted.

RATIONING NEWS. Period No 2—August 19th to September 15th
SOAP. Soap coupon No. 5 in panel 1 cannot be used.
TEA. The ordinary 4 tea coupons in the Buff Ration Book (R.B.1) and the Blue Junior Book (R.B.4) will be worth ½ lb.

TWO WASHING-UP TIPS Pierce holes in the bottom and sides of a tin and place into the tin any odd scraps of soap. This can then be used to make a good lather for washing up and any other household purposes.
When starchy foods have been cooked fill the pan with cold water and leave to soak. When greasy foods have been cooked use hot water for soaking.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUES., WED., THURS., AND FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 267

When 'Right Dress' becomes a matter of choice, shoes will still be polished with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

to keep them smart, comfortable and waterproof.
In tins 3d. and 6d.

CB/16

After a long, busy and worrying day—
oh! for a soothing cup of ROWNTREE'S COCOA

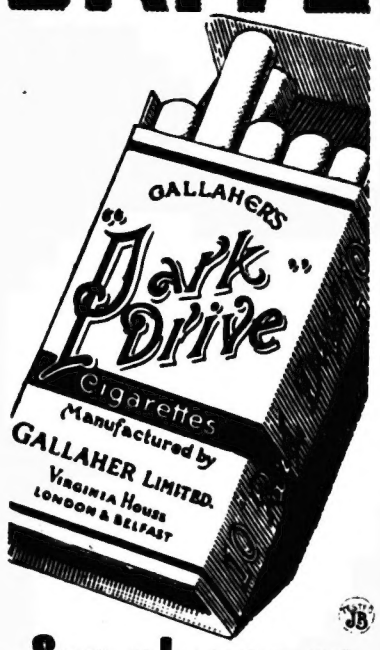
"Mars are marvellous"

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

Mars

ZONED TO THE SOUTH

PARK DRIVE



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LAUREL

THE GOOD-TEMPERED SHEFFIELD BLADE

CV5—21

. . . Nerve Pains

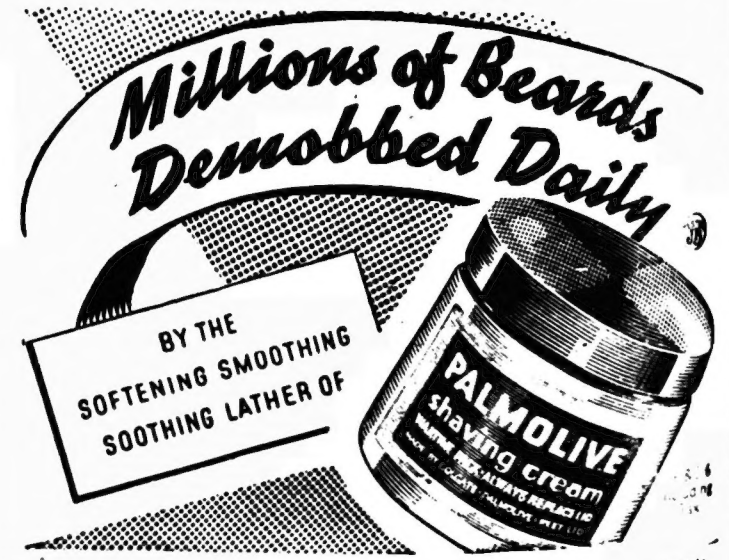
I must get some Phensic straight away

It's remarkable how Phensic relieves pain—and soothes the nerves. It acts so quickly! You feel so refreshed afterwards! No matter whether the pain is rheumatic, sciatica, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago or headache, the effect is just the same—relief quickly in perfect safety.

Two sizes : 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax

Phensic

Does not harm the heart



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